ELIZA BEAUMONT

AND

HARRIET OSBORNE.

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AND

HARRIET OSBORNE:

OR, THE

CHILD OF DOUBT.

WRITTEN BY

INDIANA BROOKS.

Tho' plung'd in ills, and exercis'd by care,
Yet never let the noble mind deſpair:
For when our virtue ſinks, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
Some unforeſeen expedient brings relief.

PHILIPS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE CHILD OF DOUBT.

PARTING.

'DO not unman me, my beſt love! This heart-rending ſilence is too much; our parting is but for a ſhort period; I ſhall return to bleſs thee with affluence, and reſtore peace to that boſom from whence I have cruelly baniſhed it. My dear colonel,

to your kind care I leave my Eliza: comfort her, ſoften her ſorrows, and my boy too!'--But here, nature wound up to its higheſt pitch, by the connected ideas of wife and child ruſhing on his already agonized heart, the feelings of humanity ſhewed themſelves ſuperior to boaſted fortitude, and the guſhing tears ſpoke the amiable weakneſs.

Eliza, whoſe countenance had not ſhewn any degree of animation ſince the ſeparation was reſolved on, rouſed by the ſcalding tears which fell on her face, raiſed her fine eyes towards her huſband—'My Edward, I cannot bear this, 'tis too much!'—and ſunk lifeleſs in his arms.

Amidſt

Amidſt this ſcene of ſorrow, colonel Wilſon luckily poſſeſſed his reaſoning faculties; and finding the poſt-chaiſe likely to continue at the door until midnight (though captain Beaumont's orders were, to be on board that evening), exerted the privilege of friendſhip, and inſiſted on Eliza being conveyed to her own apartment, and attended by her ſervants. This point being with difficulty accompliſhed, he gently drew Beaumont towards the door, uſing all his rhetoric to convince him of the neceſſity of the ſtep taken. Beaumont anſwered not; but, wringing the colonel's hand with that energetic warmth which is a proof of confidence, and pulling his hat over his eyes, bid his adieus in language for which words were inadequate.

On his way he ruminated—Colonel Wilſon had uſed the language of friendſhip, of perſuaſion; he had adduced reaſons for this ſeparation, but thoſe reaſons carried not conviction with them——To baniſh himſelf from his native country, to encounter all the difficulties and fatigues inſeparable from an unwholſome climate, and a military ſituation!—But this was trifling, comparatively ſpeaking, to leaving a woman, who was his idol, the wife of his affections, unprotected; and, with the ſhattered remains of a princely fortune, to be enabled to purchaſe only an annuity, which was but ſufficient to procure the neceſſaries of life for her, who had ever been accuſtomed to its elegancies;—and, that the privation of them

them, was the effect of his own indiſcretion:—the idea was diſtraction! Theſe conſiderations, taken collectively, were of too much conſequence to give way to cool argument; therefore it was in vain to reaſon.

Hope, ſmiling Hope, at length illumed his heart: ſhe beckoned him on to Oriental countries, where rapid fortunes had been acquired; and he, with perhaps as great merit as the poſſeſſors of thoſe fortunes, determined to exert himſelf. 'My wife, my child, ſhall yet be happy: I ſhall return with affluence, to inſure their felicity.' Happy power of Fancy! Bleſſed be the all-creative goddeſs, that could thus build her ſuperſtructure of happineſs ſo ſpeedily!

The deluſive dream laſted until he ſet ſail for the Downs; but when he ſaw the immenſe ſpace likely to be betwixt him and all his ſoul held dear, his gloom returned; which we muſt now leave him to recover, and inform the curious reader who Eliza was.

SUICIDE.

ELIZA MORTON was educated in a convent; where, in innocence and peace, ſhe paſſed the latter ten years of her life. An haſty ſummons to attend her brother at Dover, occaſioned great ſpeculation with Lady Abbeſs; but to Eliza, whoſe heart bounded at the idea of emancipation, 'twas bliſs. She panted to mix with a world ſhe conceived ſo high an opinion of: therefore, being committed to the care of Madame Nicolet, ſhe bade adieu to the happy manſion,

whoſe walls incloſed beauty, worth, and goodneſs, with calm uninterrupted tranquillity. But Eliza thought otherwiſe.

A fair wind ſoon wafted her to Dover; and ſhe found herſelf, at the inſtant of landing, in her brother's arms. After mutual congratulations ſhe aſked, why her preſence was ſo immediately neceſſary in England? 'Our father, I hope'—'Ah! my ſiſter, prepare your gentle ſpirits for a ſcene you are little aware of: be collected; call forth your fortitude; and let not grief, immoderate grief, on *your* part, add to the preſſure of ſorrow which now wrings *my* heart.—Our dear father is no more.'

Eliza

Eliza loved her father with the pureſt affection; ſhe fell ſenſeleſs in her brother's arms. Proper methods being uſed for her recovery, ſhe was ſeated in the poſt-chaiſe, and, reclining her head on her brother's ſhoulder, felt conſiderably relieved by a ſhower of tears.

Charles uſed every conciliatory argument, and had brought her to enjoy a temporary calm, when they reached their father's door. As they entered their paternal roof, Eliza's tears ſtreamed anew: faithful memory preſented a thouſand images to her aching heart; the fond welcome, the paternal embrace, were wanting. But ſhe ſoon found it neceſſary to ſtifle the burſt of anguiſh, and leſs regret the

parent loſt, by an attention to the woman, dignified with the name of Mrs. Morton, who now approached to meet the two orphans.

On the death of Eliza's mother, this woman was recommended as houſekeeper to her father. She poſſeſſed a frugal, domeſtic turn of mind, and a conſiderable ſhare of low cunning, which obtains its ends more frequently than higher abilities. Her artful demeanour, and conſtant attention to his perſon, induced Mr. Morton to ſet prudence and the world at defiance, and marry her. The precipitation with which he committed this irretrievable error, left a ſtrong and laſting regret on his mind. He found himſelf at once excluded from ſocial converſe;

converſe; the happy family parties were no more; Mrs. Morton's manners were too conſpicuouſly vulgar to mix with good company:—but this, ſurely, was an inſufficient motive for the cool and deliberate act of ſuicide. —He poſſeſſed a warm imagination, a vaſt knowledge of commercial matters, joined to happy talents for converſation: he had long been averſe to buſineſs, gloomy and diſcontented.

The world will aſſume a privilege of acting and judging on theſe matters: its deciſions are ſeldom the moſt favourable. But more of this hereafter.

Mrs. Morton received Eliza with vaſt ſtate, and a degree of coolneſs which

chilled her. Charles, obſerving his ſiſter's *embarras*, taking her hand, advanced to his mother-in-law, and preſented Eliza. 'Mrs. Morton, my dear ſiſter will ſtrive to render you happy, and, by her attention, leſſen the keen regret you now feel for the loſs of our lamented parent.' 'Why, as to that, Miſs Lizzy, I will make you comfortable enough, if you does'nt want too much humouring: ſo you have no occaſion to fret and cry at leaving them there convents, where you hears nothing but religious ſtuff, and, as your poor dear father uſed to ſay, got a parcel of romantic idears.' Eliza was ſilent. 'Your father was'—'The beſt of huſbands,' ſaid Charles, interruptingly: 'but, deareſt madam, my ſiſter wants reſt; ſhall I intrude?' He

rang

rang the bell; every ſervant's face was new: but this had long ceaſed to be a matter of ſurprize to Charles, as Mrs. Morton's love of novelty ſeldom induced her to retain one above a fortnight.

Eliza ſecretly rejoiced at her prudence, in bringing Nannette to England. She had been educated by the ſiſters of the convent, had attached herſelf to Eliza, and requeſted to accompany her to England: and as the convent would be releaſed from one of its cares, in the diſpoſal of her, it was complied with; the poor girl having the leaſt inclination in the world for her vocation (though a good catholic in the main).

When

When Eliza reached her chamber, the firſt object that met her eye was the portrait of the mild Saint who gave her being. The nicety and pureneſs of Mrs. Morton's ideas could not bear in *her* ſight the picture of a woman whoſe virtues ſhe knew, and conſtantly heard admired—*ſo placed it, out of the way, in Eliza's*; but let me do her juſtice, not with the ſmalleſt intention of giving pain—her conceptions did not extend ſo far.

Our orphan threw herſelf on the bed, and a pleaſing ſlumber viſited her. Happy ſeaſon of youth, which can ſo ſoon lull its cares to reſt, on the downy lap of Morpheus! She aroſe refreſhed, and appeared at the tea-table tolerably compoſed. The

converſation was *ennuyant* to a degree; Mrs. Morton teazing her with a thouſand impertinent idle queſtions, relative to the manners and cuſtoms abroad, which complaiſance obliged Eliza to attend to; until a violent head-ach opportunely relieved her, by obliging her to retire to her chamber for the evening. Thither Mrs. Morton inſiſted on attending her, and bathed her temples with Hungary water.

This action, though trifling in itſelf, excited pleaſurable emotions in *her*, whoſe unſuſpecting heart, and little knowledge of the world, inclined to truſt to every appearance of goodneſs. She preſſed her to her boſom, as her head reclined on her ſhoulder, and ſaid, 'How kind you are!' 'Poor child!

child! you muſt not grieve ſo; try to ſleep; I will ſend you ſome whey.' She ſhut the door, after an affectionate kiſs, and retired.

'This woman has feelings,' ſaid Eliza: 'how could I, for a moment, harbour diſtruſt, and miſtake her character?'—Eliza's excuſe is, ſhe knew not the world, but as the ſiſters of St. Urſul had pictured it:---experience enabled her to judge better.

THE WILL.

MR. MORTON had been hurried to the grave the inſtant the coroner's verdict was paſſed: his remains were depoſited without one ſingle prayer towards expiating his crime, or one pitying tear to bedew his duſt.---Mercileſs religion! The dead feel not the ignominy of being denied Chriſtian rites; but let me aſk, does not the guilty unhappy wretch, who thus precipitates himſelf into the preſence of his Maker, uncalled for, need all our interceſſions for mercy for him?

By

By what right do weak mortals pretend to denounce vengeance and eternal misery on the poor infatuated sinner? God is as just as merciful.

The will had waited the arrival of Charles and Eliza, previous to its being opened. The relatives were now assembled to hear it. Mrs. Morton, after having studied to render her weeds becoming, and brought a sufficient portion of gravity into her features, ventured, weeping, into the parlour. But as the principal auditors in this scene, or performers, I may say, will again be brought forward, let me introduce them in due form.

Mr. Edward Morton was, in person, short, thick, and vulgar; his features coarse and strong, much marked with

with the ſmall pox; which, added to his other perſonal accompliſhments, rendered him no very pleaſing object.--- But what has perſon to do with principles? A fair ſoul may be contained in a foul body.

With ſome foibles, which ſerved as ſhades to heighten the picture, Mr. Morton poſſeſſed virtues which honoured humanity. He had received a collegiate education; but the impetuoſity and warmth of his temper had counteracted every effort of his tutors to render him a ſcholar, or a fine gentleman. Originally intended for the navy, he gave way to a roughneſs of manners, and bluntneſs of expreſſion, which rendered him an unpleaſant com-

companion to perſons unacquainted with the peculiarities of his temper.

Obſtinately tenacious of his own opinion, if he adopted any, however abſurd, he maintained it, in defiance of conviction, or all the charms of logical reaſoning: but his hobby, which every man has ſurely a right to ſport in ſome way or other, was a fondneſs for that low popularity which the vulgar dignify a man with, who can anſwer, by any means, their *intereſted* views; he was the ſoul of elections, the head of all parties where oppoſition was the word.

But ſoft, let me draw the veil over his foibles: they were few, comparatively ſpeaking: his errors were of the

the head, not heart; and while we pity the weakneſs of the former, we are led to reſpect the goodneſs of the latter, which ever led him to act with inflexible probity. His fortune was ample; being the eldeſt ſon, and his grandfather making a partial will, by which he enjoyed *his* ſole fortune, except a legacy of five thouſand pounds left to his brother. Upon this fortune he lived with a maiden ſiſter, of whom we will ſay more hereafter.

On Mr. Edward Morton's entrance into the room, a train of couſins, of the thirty-fifth degree, roſe up to pay their proper reſpects to him;---' Servant,'--- ' Servant,—'and advancing towards Charles, ſeized his hand with all the energy

energy and warmth of real affection. 'My dear boy, which is the good girl I am to claim as niece?' Eliza ſprang to his arms, 'My honoured uncle!'

Mrs. Morton lift up her eyes, and ſobbed aloud, as the lawyer unfolded the will, which was now preparing to be read. Her loud and violent fits of grief, gave little proof of the heart being afflicted: ſorrow is quiet, calm, and eloquent, even in ſilence. Mr. Charles Morton, ſenior, died rich, and Charles had received proper reſpect from every one preſent, as his undoubted heir.

The lawyer began; when, after many items, he declared Mr. William Langton

Langton ſole heir, with a reſervation of five thouſand pounds to Eliza, and eight to Charles, with his library, &c. leaving Mr. Edward Morton executor and guardian to his children. Mrs. Morton's jointure was ample, and the poſſeſſion of both town and country houſes bequeathed her. Had Meduſa's head been placed in the midſt of this company, its effects would not have produced ſuch wonders.

The firſt who broke ſilence was Mr. Morton. Hearing himſelf named executor, he ſtarted from his ſeat, and clenching his ſtick, exclaimed, in a voice almoſt choked with rage, 'He may chuſe an executor from the place he is gone to, to execute his unnatural truſt. What? defraud his own off-

ſpring, and leave his fortune to beggar?'

Every one endeavoured to ſpeak, at leaſt to be heard. The ſmooth ſupple Mr. Langton was ſorry, ver ſorry, his patron had been ſo partia to *him*, he did not expect:---'I don' know what you expected,' ſaid Mr Morton, 'but d---n me if I don' know what you deſerve: the fellow might well ſhoot himſelf, after making ſuch a will.'

Eliza fell ſenſeleſs in her brother's arms. Mr. Morton advanced towards her. The tear of pity now roſe to his eyes, while he lamented his own impetuoſity, which had urged him to recall his brother's crime to his children's

dren's memory. 'Orphans, *here* is no home for you. Yes, for your ſakes will I take the truſt required. Be comforted, my dear girl, and pardon the folly of expreſſions which an unguarded warmth of temper gave birth to.'

Eliza was recovering by means of Mrs. Morton's officious endeavours; when ſhe addreſſed her with an inſinuating tenderneſs.—'Will you not ſtay and reſide with me, my dear? That hot fool has terrified you; come, be chearful.'

'Why, Madam, fool as I am, I have lived fifty years in the world,

and it was never yet in a woman's power to make a dupe of me, or induce me to wrong any man. I have a cool thouſand a year; I value no one's favour but the good and virtuous. So you two ſacrifices to arts (which your ſhallow judgments cannot fathom) if you choſe the protection of a real friend, embrace my proffered ſervice. Leave a houſe where ſuch an hyena dwells. And you, Mr. Sweeper, whom I recommended into this houſe to clean ſhoes, and ſweep the office, take ſhame upon you, for the poor orphans' ſake. One word more. Ill got, ill ſpent.—Sir, this is language!—Don't bluſter, Sir.' And, holding

holding up his ſtick, while he drew the trembling irreſolute girl to his arms, walked towards the door.

His impetuous manner had really terrified her. She heſitated, and caſt her eyes towards her brother; who, riſing, politely thanked Mrs. Morton for all favours: and, with a true greatneſs of mind, diſdaining to ſhew himſelf hurt at the loſs of fortune, followed Mr. Morton to his carriage.

During the ride, Mr. Morton revolved in his mind a thouſand different ſchemes fot ſetting the will aſide; but his brother's property

being moſtly caſh, acquired by commerce, he certainly had a right to the diſpoſal of it, but no ſort of privilege to be unjuſt to his children.

Charles, who penetrated his uncle's inmoſt thoughts, declared himſelf ſatisfied; for which he was dignified with the title of ſneaking puppy; and Mr. Morton was endeavouring to convince him of his folly when the carriage ſtopped in Brudenel Street, to the great ſatisfaction of two of the parties.

PROTECTION.

ON Eliza's entrance, Miſs Mary roſe to receive her, with that cordiality and affability which invariably marked her character.

After the firſt ſalutations were over, and Mr. Morton had, in his own way, and with various comments, deſcribed the ſituation of the orphans, Miſs Mary aſſured Eliza of her beſt wiſhes and endeavours to render her happy. 'I love young

people,' ſaid ſhe, 'it is my higheſt felicity to live my days over again with them, to ſee them *chearful*, and contribute towards rendering them ſo.'

Miſs Morton was, at this period, five-and-fifty; had been once thought pretty. Her eyes had loſt the fire and brilliancy of youth, but ſtill retained ſweetneſs and vivacity. She was thin and tall, but the ſpareneſs of her perſon deprived her of that feminine ſoftneſs which conſtitutes grace and elegance. Her refuſal, in early life, to accede to her father's choice in a matrimonial concern, where he endeavoured to convince her

her that ſhe ſhould marry firſt, and love afterwards, had ſo much incenſed him, as to induce him to alter his will, and leave her a very trifling annuity. Miſs Morton was romantic enough to diſpute his commands, from feeling within herſelf, that a reciprocation of affection was abſolutely neceſſary in the marriage ſtate; and from a better motive ſtill. She loved and was beloved by a worthy youth, whoſe name ſtands inrolled in the annals of fame, as loſing his life in the defence of his country. Young, ardent and anxious, he purſued the track of glory pointed out by Prince Ferdinand, and loſt his life on the plains of

Minden. He fell gloriouſly, and his grave was bedewed with the tears of the good, the virtuous, and the brave—precious embalment. Miſs Morton's ſorrow was not vented in exclamations, in uſeleſs, impious complaints againſt the diſpenſations of Providence. She bowed her head in ſilence; and, aided by reaſon and good ſenſe, ſtrove to reconcile herſelf to the event, by the hopes of meeting him in a better world. She united, to a large ſhare of good ſenſe, a benevolent mind and feeling heart, alive to the diſtreſſes of her fellow-creatures. She never regretted the want of fortune, until ſhe found it too inadequate to anſwer the purpoſes

poſes of her bounty. 'For myſelf,' would ſhe ſay, 'a trifle would ſuffice; my wants are few, my wiſhes leſs. But, for the want of my fellow creatures, no fortune, however ample, would ſuffice.'

Muſt I be juſt?—To ſhade theſe ineſtimable qualities, Miſs Morton poſſeſſed a rage for politics, and wiſhed to be thought very clever in domeſtic arrangements, which ſhe ſettled infinitely more to her brother's ſatisfaction than the affairs of the nation. Having read and digeſted the moſt valued works of ancient and modern hiſtory, her mind was a continual ſtore, from which pleaſing

anecdotes might be drawn, both of inſtruction and amuſement. But as her hobby was continually changing, juſt at this period natural hiſtory engaged her whole attention, and the botanic mania raged. Unfortunately, it was a moſt unlucky time of the year for experiments and reaſoning from facts. Her brother knew her virtues and reſpected them; he likewiſe knew her foibles, and indulged her in creating happineſs in her own way. His liberality amply ſupplied the unjuſt deficiency of his father's will, and it was his pride, his pleaſure, to adminiſter to the comforts of his ſiſter.

As Miſs Mary loved a little to mix with the gay world, and being an harmleſs, talkative, good ſort of a lady, who was neither envious, or created envy, ſhe was well received at every faſhionable aſſembly in the metropolis; ſhe being the uſual chaperon for young women wiſhing to ſee the world; ſo that you ſcarce popped your head into any rout, opera, or play, but Miſs Morton met your eyes, ſurrounded by good humour and pleaſantry.

Their domeſtics had grown grey, ſleek and comfortable in their ſervice. A young perſon was ſelected to attend Miſs Morton's perſon, from

an indigent gentleman's family; and if an opportunity offered, of her ſettling comfortably, Mr. Morton gave a wedding dinner, and a ſmall purſe. In fact, it was a family of love, and Eliza felt ſhe might be happy.

Apartments were aſſigned her, fitted up to her own taſte, with a ſmall well-choſen library, and an elegant harpſichord. Careſſed by her aunt, tenderly beloved by her uncle, her mind gradually became calm; and, with that avidity ſo natural to youth, did ſhe look forward to the time which would render her partaker of the faſhionable amuſements of the day:

day. Ah, little did ſhe know how few real pleaſures attend diſſipation, and that the world ſhe panted to be known to, were compoſed moſtly of beings who live but for themſelves, or to prey upon the credulity and weakneſs of others! Eliza Morton thought *then* all beyond a convent walls was paradiſe; fatal error, of which ſhe too ſoon was convinced! She had looked through the wrong end of the perſpective.

AN
UNFASHIONABLE YOUTH.

AFTER Charles Morton had ſeen his ſiſter ſo happily ſituated, he wiſhed to return to the univerſity, from whence he had been recalled at his father's deceaſe. His chief inducement to this return, was his friend and patron Lord Monſon, whoſe letters breathed the enthuſiaſm of friendſhip. Their intimacy was not founded on a childiſh regard or partial liking, but from a congeniality of ſentiment; a ſimilarity of ſoul;

ſoul; or, grant they differed in any point, it was to ſerve as foils to each other. The natural pride of high birth, and ſuperior fortune, which would now and then appear in his Lordſhip, was checked in an inſtant by the modeſt diffidence and unaſſuming manners of his friend.

Mr. Morton parted from his nephew with regret; he found in him a pleaſing companion, and a well-informed youth.

'Go, my dear boy,' ſaid he, 'purſue the track of learning you have begun, and to which you already do credit; be as great an honour to literature

terature as you promiſe to prove to human nature from diſpoſition; guard well your feelings, they are an invaluable treaſure, and do not let one good or generous ſentiment deſert you. Your mind is in itſelf moſt amiable, but let not the allurements of pleaſure ſeduce you into ſcenes of diſſipation; but if, from chance, or a concurrence of circumſtances, you ſhould be miſled, take eſpecial care you are not ſo much familiariſed to vicious purſuits, as for your heart to approve what cuſtom and a bad example may have induced you to partake.'

Charles preſſed his hand. 'My honoured

honoured uncle, my deareſt monitor may rely on my endeavours to approve myſelf worthy of his eſteem.' Then, tenderly embracing his ſiſter and aunt, he mounted his horſe, leaving a tender regret on their minds at his departure.

Charles was yet uncorrupted by faſhionable follies: his companions had ſingled him out as the object of their raillery; which he very patiently bore, being determined that, when Pleaſure did put forth her allurements, his enliſting himſelf under her banner ſhould be an act of free volition, rather than being impelled from a falſe ſhame, and dread of

of ridicule. Leave we him to pur-
ſue his ſtudies in academic ſhades,
whilſt we return to Eliza.

The time was now elapſed, which
decency and a dread of the mention
of her father's name had required a
ſtrict obſervance of.

She was uſhered into gay life by
her aunt, who introduced her to a
favourite ſet of young elegant females
of the firſt faſhion.

Eliza was charmed with their
manners, and ſeduced by their ex-
preſſions of regard. Novelty has a
boundleſs power over the mind

of a young female bred a recluſe.

Her fortune was not generally known. Mr. Morton died rich, and as ſhe was tolerably pretty, dreſſed well, and was received every where; how could the young men avoid noticing her, and ſtriving, by their attentions, to excite her regard.

Miſs Mary's vigilance, ever on the watch, reſtrained her eagerneſs for admiration, which ſhe plainly ſaw predominated in her niece's mind, to an exceſs. She knew every avenue to the female heart.

'You,

'You, my beloved girl,' ſhe would ſay, 'to ſet ſo high a value on public amuſements and trifles, is aſtoniſhing; and bleſt as you are with ſuch an underſtanding as would credit your ſex. I allow it is not unnatural at your age, but the want of novelty will ſoon ſatiate you. I love to ſee you happy, but ſometimes my Eliza ſhould look within herſelf, for the powers of amuſing. Poſſeſſed of ſuch various accompliſhments, they will, if properly exerted, prevent your feeling wearineſs or diſguſt.'

Eliza felt the reproof, ſhe bluſhed, and henceforth was determined not

to

to feel the leaſt emotion at the deprivation of a new hat, or cap, or to be puniſhed at not being the third wearer of the Tarare, or ſimple Suſan. Trifles will affect young minds; but our heroine ſtrove to be ſuperior to them, and particularly, as the ſacrifice now was trifling, as the faſhionable world was haſtening from the horrid town, to enjoy comfortably *duſty roads*, *crowded watering places*, or taſte the refreſhing breezes, not under cool ſhades, or by wandering ſtreams, but amidſt cards, lights, and crowded drawing rooms; as the country, with all its charms, would be abſolutely ſhocking without ſociety.

Miſs

Miſs Mary rejoiced at the opportunity of being reſtored to her favourite ſtudies. Mr. Morton looked forward to his happy tenants and rational purſuits; while Eliza, panting for novelty, was eager for rural retirement, only being a little anxious to know whether there was any people of faſhion in the vicinity, by way of paſſing an hour now and then, when weary of muſic or drawing.

AN HISTORY.

THE family manſion was large, gothic, and roomy; the proſpects, it is true, were rather confined, as a large family of rooks had for time immemorial fixed their reſidence in an avenue leading to the houſe, of fine ſtraight elms: and, as cuſtom reconciles every thing, the inhabitants of this place had loſt all ſenſe of hearing the delightful muſic which was inceſſant; and, as Eliza, ſince her arrival in England, found few faſhion-

faſhionable ladies without extreme weak nerves, her's, of courſe, were irritable, and the noiſe moped her to death. A large uſeful garden, with a park plentifully ſtocked with deer, bounded the houſe. The garden had neither ſerpentine walks, or exotic ſhrubberies, but thoſe which grew (without the aid of Kent or Brown's planning) luxuriantly. Fruit trees flouriſhed undiſturbed; the towering elm reared his branches, fearleſs of the axe; while Nature, proud of her dominion, wantoned in wilds of ſweets. When ſome man of modern taſte was planning improvements, and talking of viſtas, with terminating proſpects, &c. &c.

Mr.

Mr. Morton led them to a window, from whence, over ſome tall oaks, the modeſt ſpire of the pariſh church reared it's head, and which, in fact, was ſo cloſely adjoining the houſe, as to have a covered porch, in caſe of rain, leading from one of the houſe doors to it.

The vicinity of the church was a continual ſubject of diſlike with men of virtue; it had humbly ſtood there for ages, and as Mr. Morton had ever the complaiſance to hear other people's opinion, and abide by his own, he did not think a church ſo bad an ornament; it anſwered two very eſſential purpoſes, it kept his

pariſhioners to their duty, and their paſtor to his pulpit: for, as the living was in Mr. Morton's gift, and he was an obſerver of old cuſtoms, he was much intereſted in the morals of the rector, not chuſing to have precept without example.

During the firſt month, Eliza employed herſelf tolerably well, in holding mental converſe with the family pictures, drawing caricatures, and culling fruit; ſhe had little taſte for botany, ſtill leſs for agriculture; ſhe was pleaſed with a fine field of waving corn, but was totally indifferent to the means of its growth, or how much each acre would

would produce; and as this was the moſt edifying converſation ſhe was the auditor of, ſhe was under the neceſſity of finding amuſement for herſelf. But this her verſatility and total want of application prevented, and ſhe was tired to death, when fortunately Mrs. Beaumont's family arrived to paſs the ſummer at Beaumont Lodge.

Mr. Morton had long been in habits of ſtrict intimacy with the family, which conſiſted of eight children, moſt of them females.

Mr. Beaumont the elder, whom we ſhall have moſt occaſion to men-

tion, was at this period ſeven-and-twenty years of age, tall, graceful, and bleſt with features not inelegant, his underſtanding tolerable, and his manners had been wonderfully improved by an experimental knowledge of men and things, ſufficient to prevent his forming wrong opinions in future.

Mr. Beaumont, the father, was a capital Weſt-India merchant, a plain good ſort of man, who did not boaſt a ſingle idea abſtracted from buſineſs. He propoſed educating Edward with a view to his own profeſſion; but, unfortunately, the youth had formed his notions of life at rather too early

early a period, and conceived an invincible averſion to buſineſs at an age, when, incapable of judging for himſelf, by the too fond and blinded partiality of his mother, he was left to his own choice; and, as he was well aware of his father's objections to the army, he turned his mind to the dulleſt of all ſtudies, the law. Having paſſed ſome uſeleſs time at Cambridge, he inrolled himſelf a ſtudent in the Temple, had elegant chambers, and commenced fine gentleman at the dangerous age of nineteen.

Diſſipation has too many allurements; and Edward was not averſe

to the pleaſures of this grand metropolis, until he found himſelf ſurrounded by inconſiderate young men, whom he ſuppoſed friends; which, by the way, argues no infinite wiſdom in the ſuppoſition. In the exhilarating hours of conviviality, when the heart is expanding with delight; if a man, then, ſwears he is my friend, and will ſerve me with his fortune and his life, I *then* credit him, he *then* means it; but I am faithleſs enough not to extend my belief an hour beyond the period of his profeſſions. Beaumont had not then learnt wiſdom, until his father taught him, by repreſenting his demands were larger than

juſtice

juſtice to his other children would ſuffer.

One only propoſal was made him, and Edward joyfully acquieſced. His father, after diſcharging his debts, gave him the dividend of his fortune, to avoid future expence.

Young, giddy, and incautious, he became the dupe of knaves and needy adventurers. Averſe to the duties of his profeſſion, a profeſſion which requires intenſe application and clear intellects, his clients decreaſed; his moral character was doubted, and want ſtared him in the face. He had now ſufficient leiſure

either for ſtudy or any other private purſuit ; and finding himſelf involved in difficulties of his own creating, he ſat down, and ſeriouſly turned over the voluminous pages of the law ; his application was now as unwearied as before it had been neglectful.

At length, rouſed from his ſtudies, by the papers announcing the death of his father (who died inſolvent) he ſhut up his books, and reſolved to be uſeful. He flew to his mother, whom he found overwhelmed with affliction, without reſolution either to exert herſelf for her own benefit, or her children's.

Her

Her leading propenſities had involved her huſband in thoſe extravagancies his income was by no means equal to. She was too well bred to concern herſelf with domeſtic affairs, and too indolent even to inquire how thoſe affairs were regulated. Her mornings were conſumed in bed, her evenings at routs or aſſemblies, and her huſband was a mere non-entity. He loved, fondly loved her, and indulged every caprice of her heart. And our ſex are too much inclined to preſume on ſuch indulgence.

The young ladies were well educated, according to our modern

ideas; they danced, liſped French, underſtood wafer and filigree, could play on the piano-forte a little, draw a little—and dreſs well. Our ſeminaries of female learning have to boaſt of one ſuperiority; they certainly poſſeſs an unbounded *verſatility*: elſe, how could young ladies acquire ſuch various accompliſhments. Happy, happy nation, whoſe females poſſeſs ſuch fine underſtandings, and whoſe memories are ſo retentive as to retain ſuch multifarious learning! 'Tis true, a neighbouring kingdom bears away the palm, in point of female writers of elegance and refinement, whoſe ſentiments equally credit both head

and

and heart; but theſe are few. England! Why female authors are abundant; our libraries teem with the happy effuſions of their fancy and love-ſick tales: nay, the *cacoëthes ſcribendi* is ſo very prevalent as to infect all ranks. To what is this owing, but the vaſt ſtock of knowledge acquired at a *Boarding School.*

Pardon me, gentle reader, (that is, if this book ſhould ever have a public one) let us boaſt and glory in the names of Burney, Brook, Griffiths, Cowley, and Lee; nor will we paſs over the elegant writer of George Bateman. Their works will always be read with pleaſure

and approbation, while the morals they inculcate ſhall live in the heart, and be productive of ſentiments of virtue.

HISTORY *continued.*

AS theſe young ladies had been ſo *well* educated, it was certainly a vaſt ſhock to their delicate feelings to find themſelves left friendleſs on a wide world. Indeed Mr. Beaumont had long foreſeen the conſequences; but weary of perpetual remonſtrances, which he found were totally unregarded, he ceaſed to complain, until feeling himſelf gradually falling from that reſpectability he had ever been ſtrenuous to preſerve, he

he ſunk into a ſtupid inſenſibility, and, unhappily, finding the conflict too great, died literally of a broken heart.

The boys were yet too young to afford conſolation or aſſiſtance; therefore Mr. Edward Beaumont's interpoſition was ſalutary: he ſoon, with the advice and aſſiſtance of a few friends, ſettled affairs in ſuch a train, as to leave his mother and ſiſters poſſeſſed of the neceſſaries of life, though deprived of its luxuries.

The ladies, enervated by habitual indolence, were averſe to any thing like

like employment, ſtill leſs would they attend to the brother's hint, of rendering themſelves uſeful and reſpectable: he had fits, tears, and remonſtrances to withſtand; but he was inflexible; his own imprudences had taught him the dreadful conſequences attendant on inactivity; and when his mother reaſoned on the ſubject, he gave her an aſſurance, that while he was their only ſupport, his endeavours, however ſucceſsful they might prove, would ſtill be inadequate to any thing like extravagance, or the ſupport of either houſekeeper or governeſs. *His* pecuniary circumſtances were precarious and uncertain; the boys he

diſpoſed

disposed of satisfactorily; and now, his sole concern was how to maintain the charge he had undertaken. He fortunately recollected a brother of his father's, who lived in a remote part of the kingdom, and who, in the days of affluence, had often solicited their company. To him Edward determined to state the disagreeable situation of his family, but being well aware that letters, however well penned, seldom produce the effect intended, as a man has leisure for much consideration thereon, he determined to pay him a visit, fixing on the cheapest mode of conveyance possible.

With

With little expectation of being well received, he arrived at S—, and was ſet down a mile and a half ſhort of his uncle's. After refreſhing himſelf, and making ſome trifling addition to his dreſs, he ſet forward, and ſoon found himſelf at the Lodge.

THE NABOB.

MR. HENRY BEAUMONT had, during fifteen years reſidence in a civil capacity in the Eaſt, acquired a large fortune; and, what is much to his credit, with hands unſtained with any foul practices.

I know not whence it ariſes, or whether the opinion is general, but I have obſerved, that a man ſeldom returns from India with a benevolent mind, or expanded heart: too frequently

quently they live only for themſelves, and the marked auſterity of their manners excites diſguſt.

For the honour of the Eaſt, I will not aſcribe theſe effects to the ſimple, unoffending natives; and, for the honour of human nature, I will remain ſilent.

Mr. Beaumont's manners were marked with an haughty auſterity; it was habitual—he was feared, but not beloved, except by thoſe who knew his worth and innate goodneſs: but to a choſen few only he was acceſſible.

After

After the difficulty of a first introduction was over, Mr. Beaumont heard Edward with a reserve peculiar to himself. He then addressed him as follows: 'So, young man, after avowing a conduct which evinces an early depravity of heart, having wasted a fortune which, with proper economy, might have secured you a decent competence, *you* have, at length, fought me, with a tale, I will not say how far calculated to answer your purposes, in order to assist *you* in dissipation, and your family in extravagance. I am not apt to form hasty opinions, and wish ever to have the free use of my own will, as I may act accordingly.

ly. Retire for a moment; the ſervants will attend you. I will ſtrive to think well of you.'

With a heart mortified, humbled, and in all the horrors of ſuſpenſe, did Edward walk through the ſuperb apartments of this magnificent manſion. In vain the attendants pointed out the beauties of the proſpects, or the numberleſs fine paintings to his view; he was blind and deaf to every thing but his own ſenſations. Rouſed from them by a meſſage to attend his uncle, he endeavoured to conceal the emotions of his haughty ſpirit. He entered the library—when Mr. Beaumont advanced

advanced towards him with a look of tenderneſs and benignity. 'Give me your hand, young man, be ſeated. Forgive my indifferent treatment of you; I have taken great pains to convince myſelf I was deceived by an artful tale, and an affectation of ſentiment and honour; yet there were moments, when your ſenſibility was too powerful to be reſtrained, and ſhewed itſelf ſo naturally, that ſuſpicion could not think it aſſumed. Be candid; what do you expect or wiſh me to do for you? Inform me of every thing of the leaſt conſequence; and, believe me, it is not idle curioſity excites the inquiry, but a wiſh to promote

mote your welfare, and alleviate your misfortunes as far as lays within my power: therefore take my friendſhip to its utmoſt.'

Beaumont's heart overflowed with gratitude, tears filled his eyes, and words were wanting to expreſs his ſenſations. His uncle ſaw his concern —'Your emotions are evincing proofs of a goodneſs of heart. Yet thank me not; are you not my brother's child? Your behaviour to your mother and ſiſters charm me. Gracious Heaven, exclaimed he, that this youth ſhould be ſent to enable me to do juſtice to my family, and be my inducement to lay aſide

aſide my ill-founded reſentment, avert future miſery, and reſtore you to affluence! Flattering thought, that my advice may impede misfortune, and perhaps ſave you from impending ruin.'

In this manner did Mr. Beaumont talk. Edward was happy, wrote to his family, and aſſiſted them from time to time. Months, weeks, and days ſtole on imperceptibly; until fortune, being weary of ſhewing Edward too much of her favour, viſited his uncle in the ſhape of a gout in his ſtomach. Patiently he bore the excruciating anguiſh; and, having ſent for an attorney, made his

his will, and ſhortly after reſigned his breath in his nephew's arms.

Mr. Beaumont's ſorrow was poignant. He loved, he revered the man who had ſtrove to eradicate the dangerous principles of pleaſure he had imbibed. On the opening of the will, Mr. Beaumont was declared heir to his vaſt fortune, except a few legacies, and his manſion, &c. to his other ſiſter. After ſettling every matter with the approbation of all concerned in his uncle's affairs, he prepared, with a ſorrowing heart, to reviſit the capital. On his arrival, he found he had much to encounter. His family's wants

were great; but he was determined firſt to reſcue his father's name from obloquy, by ſatisfying his creditors to the laſt ſhilling. His ſiſters hopes were again revived, again they dreſſed, danced, and hoped for a proper eſtabliſhment.

Edward, after his father's affairs were ſettled, inſtantly placed out proper ſums in the funds for the uſe of his ſiſters, in hopes their accompliſhments, added to their fortune, would ſoon gain them advantageous offers of marriage. He purchaſed an annuity for his mother's life, and the houſe ſhe reſided in. This done, with a decent proviſion for the

the boys, whom he had previouſly articled to different profeſſions, he ſat down with about ten thouſand pounds unincumbered. This ſum was ſurely adequate to any ſituation, and had the law poſſeſſed ſufficient charms for Edward, by attending to the duties of his profeſſion, he would ſoon have become rich: but economy and Beaumont were too great ſtrangers to each other ever to be familiar. He therefore kept his horſes, dreſſed well, and played at whiſt.

A LOVER.

ELIZA having ſo many weary hours on her hands, thought ſhe could not do better than ſuffer this young man to take up her fan, hold her gloves, and carry Fidelle. She had long heard his character on the faireſt ſide, and thought him a good ſort of a young man.

Beaumont was the moſt attentive creature breathing, but how it happened, I know not, but not one of the

the offices Eliza had aſſigned him, did he ever execute. He would romp with her, dance with her, and hang enraptured over her chair, while her fingers rapidly produced the moſt harmonious ſtrains.

Happily flew the hours. Edward talked politics with Miſs Mary; lamented the depravity of the preſent times with Mr. Morton, and thereby gained their confidence.

There was a regularity in Mr. Morton's family, which preſented to the obſerver Milton's idea realized by Miſs Mary. She ever contrived to preſerve domeſtic peace, and

'Well order'd home, man's chief delight to make.'

Her brother never paſſed an evening from his own fire ſide, where he enjoyed his pipe, a ſocial friend, and a hit at back-gammon. He was unbleſt with either wife or child; loſing, in his early years, the object of his moſt ardent affections, he had vowed to remain ſingle, until her equal was found. But as this, in his idea, was not on this ſide the grave, he ſat down contentedly with 'God bleſs the whole ſex; I love, I reſpect them; but I am now too old to be fooled by a young one, or codled by a nurſe.'

From the frequency of Edward's viſits, his abſence became a ſubject of

of regret with our heroine; ſhe felt ſhe already eſteemed him, and now and then indulged a romantic wiſh — A little cottage with Beaumont, would be delightful; but her chimerical notions vaniſhed, when ſhe reflected how ſmall her own fortune was, and the anxious wiſh her uncle had to eſtabliſh her future happineſs. He let the young people enjoy each other's converſation; he feared very little on the ſcore of Beaumont, whom he ſuppoſed would not have the preſumption to look up to her whom he had intended (though Eliza knew it not) ſhould ſhare his fortune. Miſs Mary knew the world

better; her ſcrutinizing eyes read that language in the countenance of her niece, which faſhion had not yet taught her to conceal. She was alarmed at the diſcovery, and determined to be vigilant of her charge.

The ſummer hours flew winged with love, and again London looked chearful and noiſy; when the family arrived in town, and again Eliza joined the gay crowd. Her perſon was conſiderably improved; habits of intimacy with the *beau monde* had worn off that *mauvaiſe honte*, and reſerve which is the reſult of a conventual education. What was laſt ſeaſon a fine aukward girl,

was

was now maturing into the elegant graceful woman.

The honourable Mr. B— ſaw and admired her. Admiration, in fact, was too cold a word to expreſs his regard; he adored her. With pain he ſaw her ever attended by Edward: he knew him in habits of diſſipation his fortune was not equal to; yet he was too timid, too reſpectful to breathe a ſigh even in her hearing.

A lover of this ſort being ſo ſingular a character, Eliza, who already began to read the language of the eyes, and had diſcovered they ever

were directed to her, diverted herſelf exceedingly. A little tincture of coquetry induced her to give him ſome trifling encouragement, which produced from him the following letter.—Eliza was ſitting at work when it was delivered ; a momentary bluſh crimſoned her cheek, fearing Edward's preſumption ; but caſting her eye over it, ſhe gave it to Miſs Morton, who read as follows :

' Preſuming on the experience I have had of the attention which you and your worthy family have been pleaſed to favour me with, I write. Pardon me, moſt amiable Miſs M—, for

for this intruſion ; your uncle yeſterday gave me permiſſion to addreſs you, and I ſhould be every way unworthy ſo pleaſing a privilege, did I not feel the warmeſt ſentiments of gratitude for ſuch a diſtinguiſhed indulgence, notwithſtanding the mortifying conſideration it is qualified with, when I reflect ſome happier man may have gained that heart I would give my whole fortune to obtain ; but here the fear of offending reſtrains my pen, and repreſſes the ſigh involuntarily ariſing from my heart. The wiſhes you were pleaſed to expreſs for my welfare, the laſt evening I had the felicity of ſeeing you, inſpired me with rap-

ture; they again revived ſentiments I had vainly endeavoured to ſuppreſs. We are not at all times ſufficiently maſter of ourſelves, to ſtifle the involuntary emotions of the ſoul; the beauties of mind and body, which heaven has beſtowed on you, can never fail to raiſe admiration and excite love. Pardon me then if I feel thoſe ſentiments which ſuch perfection alone can inſpire, nor will any thing but your commands put me to ſilence on a ſubject I muſt ever dwell; that taſk impoſed, I may ſigh in ſecret, but never will dare complain. Let me not err with regard to the word perfection; I meant not

not to convey a poſitive idea of abſolute perfection, that never was or ever will be the lot of mortality; but there may be ſuch a combination of ſuperior virtues and endowments, joined in one perſon, as fully and ſubſtantially to come up to our idea of mortal perfection; and this, I am ſure, you will not controvert. Shall I make the application? My heart makes it.—Can it be neceſſary to ſay how eſſential your happineſs is to my peace; and that I preſume to offer a heart honeſt and artleſs from one who lives but in your ſmiles, and earneſtly requeſts permiſſion to throw himſelf at your feet?'

Well,

'Well, Eliza, how beats your heart towards a lover? Mr. B. is poſſeſſed of a large fortune, improved manners, and very ſenſible.'

'Deareſt aunt, this is a ſubject I was no way prepared for; if my uncle is weary of protecting me, and you, dear madam, of my company, then I would wiſh to alter my ſituation. Mr. B. is a good young man, but'—'But what, Eliza? tell me ingenuouſly your reaſons.' Eliza had the beſt in the world to offer, but words were not at her command; ſhe bluſhed, took up her work, trembled, and, overcome by the conflict within, betwixt love and

duty,

duty, ſhe burſt into a flood of tears.

Miſs Mary was alarmed: 'My deareſt girl compoſe yourſelf. A propoſal of a faſhionable young man for a lover, has a very extraordinary effect on you. Many young women would be happy to ſettle themſelves in life; therefore do not, with an unjuſtifiable caprice, childiſhly reject without reflecting on the matter. We are in no haſte to ſettle you, but you are young, gay, and volatile. The world ſeems to think Edward Beaumont too attentive, and from his known levity of diſpoſition, he is the man in the world leaſt

leaſt calculated to inſure domeſtic happineſs.

Miſs Mary had touched the ſtring, and found her advantage; but when ſhe repreſented Edward as a libertine and unprincipled, then Eliza found language to vindicate the man of her heart; her unguarded warmth confirmed her aunt in her opinion, and ſhe concerted her own meaſures inſtantly.

I am ſorry, niece, to ſee him of ſuch conſequence to your peace; my brother will never conſent to a union with him; and it is an abſolute

lute rule with me to conceal nothing from him.

Eliza ſate without making a reply, her aunt venting her vexation on her ſnuff-box lid, when the ſeducing figure of Edward was ſhewn into the parlour. Whatever ideas of duty and propriety were gaining aſcendancy in Eliza's boſom, the ſight of Beaumont put them all to flight. After making his bow, he conjectured all was not right; and addreſſing Miſs Mary with a reſpectful ſolicitude, intreated to know the cauſe of her chagrin; and if it was in his power to remove it.—

An

An emphatical 'yes, Sir,' petrefied him. 'As how, dear Madam, honor me with your commands and I will not delay an inſtant the execution of them.'

EXPLANATION.

WITH the moſt provoking *ſang froid* ſate the good lady, until ſhe condeſcended thus to explain herſelf:

'Mr. Beaumont, I have ever believed you a good young man.---I am honored by that belief.—Your attention to my niece has been noticed by me with great regret. She is young and artleſs, and, I fear, you

you have made ſome progreſs in her affections.'

'Ah, Madam! it would be my higheſt bliſs'——

'I aſk your attention, Sir. Her fortune, independant of my brother, is ſmall; yours, I believe, moderate. And however romantic your preſent notions of love and affection may be, yet a large ſtock of the former is requiſite to keep alive and balance the latter; and likewiſe, to render life pleaſant, prudence, unfortunately, you both know only by name; and as I am ſure you value my Eliza's happineſs highly,

highly, you will give up all further ſerious conſideration of her, and withdraw pretenſions which will never meet with my concurrence, or can end otherwiſe than by inſuring laſting ruin.'

'I ſhould be ſorry, dear Madam, to loſe your good opinion, yet ſhould hold myſelf criminal and contemptible were I now to give up the bleſſing I have ſo long, ſo aſſiduouſly ſtrove to attain.—Suffer me to ſay, Eliza Morton, without friends, without fortune, or one earthly good, but her dear perſon, would be my ambition, my bleſſing!—Forget her!—No; the kneeling

ing world ſhould not tempt me. My fortune, managed with oeconomy, is ſufficient to anſwer every purpoſe of life. Honored by her affection, how fortunate ſhould I deem myſelf would ſhe ſhare it with me.'

'You talk like a very young man, Mr. Beaumont; but I have done my duty; all further application muſt be to my brother; until then, excuſe me for acting with that ſtrictneſs my parental care of Eliza demands.'

So ſaying ſhe roſe, and leading the reluctant lady by the hand, left her

her at her own chamber door; having first exacted a promise from her of her taking no step without her advice and approbation.

Our heroine, left to herself, acted as most young ladies, who cannot always enjoy their own will, do.

She first wept, then reflected on her very hard fate; recollected all the modern novels she had read, to find a similar case; and, depending on her uncle's known tenderness, she dressed and obeyed the summons of the dinner bell with cheerfulness.

Mr. Mor-

Mrs Morton looked uncommonly grave.—Miſs Mary pouted; and Eliza ſate twiſting a corner of the table cloth.—Edward's pride was rouſed by Miſs Mary's lecture to him, and he was determined to ſee Mr. Morton, and hear his doom from him. His converſation on the ſubject had totally deranged Mr. Morton's ideas, and produced the gravity which ſo evidently ſhewed itſelf.

So ſoon as the cloth was drawn, and the ſervants retired, (laying down his pipe) he bid Eliza draw her chair near him, as he had ſomething to ſay of moment.

Now

Now, ſaid ſhe mentally, comes on my trial, and with a ſilly confuſion ſhe ſate down.

'So, young lady, you want a huſband of your own providing, do you?'—'Sir!'—

'Ah, Eliza! you wiſh to tear from my boſom the only comfort I can now enjoy, that of ſeeing you happy. By running counter to my wiſhes, you implant ſorrow in my heart, and miſery in your own. This man is of conſequence to your peace; I ſee it, and would do much to promote your welfare. I had formed a ſcheme which I conceived

moſt likely to inſure your future felicity, but I value your preſent peace of mind at too high a rate to impoſe any reſtraint on your inclinations.—I want no romantic plottings under my roof; be happy your own way, I will not oppoſe your inclinations.—Be as bleſt as I wiſh to ſee you.'

Here he pauſed; and, looking at his niece with an unſpeakable tenderneſs, Eliza roſe and threw herſelf at his feet.

'My honored uncle, my more than parent, be not angry with me; I will ſtrive to conquer my folly.—

I loved

I loved Edward from the hour I beheld him.—He was modeſt and diffident; and, until this morning, not once attempted at a declaration of his paſſion for me. Yet, Sir, I will do whatever you wiſh me.'—He ſeemed pleaſed.

'My dear girl can never conceive her uncle would ſacrifice *her happineſs*. Eliza, I am about to be cruelly kind; I will gratify your wiſhes, but why did you not, before this, open your whole heart to me?—You, who know every avenue to it ſo well. But what muſt we do with Mr. B—? he will be here to-morrow.'

'Why, my dear Sir, I will candidly avow my real feelings, and am well aſſured, the delicacy of his ideas are ſuch as not to ſuffer him to perſiſt in gaining the hand where the heart is not attainable.—The food of affection is affection, and—

Here Miſs Mary could not avoid aſking, 'Pray, Miſs, where did you pick up ſuch a wonderful ſtock of knowledge on the ſubject; you, I ſuppoſe, have become a perfect philoſopher in theſe matters; have reaſoned and reflected'—'On cauſes, the effects are to follow,' ſaid Mr. Morton.

Although

Although Mr. Morton had tacitly given his aſſent, he felt as committing an error; he was hurt, ſenſibly ſo, at what he conceived an injudicious choice, and wrote a civil letter to the honorable Mr. B—, with an account of the adventures of the day.

Eliza had ever accuſtomed herſelf to a ſtrict correſpondence with her brother, and on this point was determined to have his approbation; to him ſhe unveiled every emotion of her heart.

Charles had heard Beaumont ſpoken well of, and thought there cer-

tainly was a chance for happineſs at leaſt. He wrote, and haſtened to town to the completion of the marriage, to be preſent at it, and to gain his uncle's conſent to make the tour of Europe with Lord Monſon. So ſoon as ſettlements could be adjuſted, and the tedious forms of law gone through, Eliza Morton became the wife of Edward Beaumont. Mr. Morton, ſcrupulouſly juſt, paid down his niece's fortune, but could not forbear a few acrimonious remarks. Her jointure was the addition he generouſly made.

'And now, Eliza,' ſaid he, on their return from church, 'do not deſert

deſert my friendly roof, until I am prepared for the parting. Uſe her kindly, Beaumont, and heaven avert my forebodings, that ſhe will, ere long, feel that happineſs is not always attained by enjoying what we moſt wiſh for. But I fear ſhe has prepared a bed of anguiſh, and ſteeped the marriage couch in tears. —I ſadden you. Come, my children, endeavour to deſerve happineſs, and know, that it is ever in your own power to poſſeſs it.' Mrs. Beaumont was affected by her uncle's gravity, but the mirth of the company ſoon diſſipated her ſorrows, and her heart felt at eaſe.

TRAVELLING.

WHEN Charles had informed his uncle of his plans, and wiſhed his acquieſcence, Mr. Morton exclaimed, 'What! both taken from me! This is too much; but go, my boy, and ſuffer an old man, who has ſeen the world, to give you a few neceſſary hints; they are the reſult of experience and knowledge of the world.—Travelling is now reduced to a ſyſtem; and, like many other ſyſtematic improvements of

of late days, generally ends without amending either head or heart. Youth, on their firſt onſet in life, purſue every novelty with wonderful avidity: you expect change of place will produce new ideas; granted. But be cautious, leſt the opinions you adopt prove of leſs advantage than thoſe you wiſh to part with. Our young men of faſhion run poſt to Paris, in ſearch of thoſe habits and manners which, in ſpite of their efforts, they can never attain. An Engliſhman (degenerate as the preſent race is) has not pliability of temper ſufficient; inſtead of improvement, they loſe themſelves in frivolity, or ſink into the

lap of ſenſuality and diſſipation: Weary of France, they change the ſcene for Italy: there they employ themſelves in fine ſights, intrigues, and maſquerades; by chance they deign to caſt their eyes on ſome remains of antiquity, learn the name of the moſt faſhionable virtuoſi, loſe their money, trifle away their time, return home; and, with a ſenſeleſs jargon of nonſenſe, prove themſelves greater blockheads than they ſet out. I hope and truſt this is not likely to be your caſe.'

Charles made a proper reply.

'I am ſatisfied, my dear boy, in your

your poſſeſſing the friendſhip of Lord Monſon; but let not an idea of dependence ever induce you to commit a mean or diſhonorable action; your own fortune is moderate, but the addition I mean to make will render you independent in circumſtances, be it your care to be independent in principles. It is perhaps neceſſary you ſhould ſee the world; you have ſtudied books, now ſtudy men. Your patron is a great man, and great men are not famed for ſtability. Return with an unblemiſhed character; I am your friend. Pride, without meanneſs, Charles, has ever been my

motto; an honeſt heart is a reſpectable treaſure.'

This advice was received with becoming modeſty; and, as it was good in its intention, had due weight with our young man, who promiſed, and who doubtleſs meant to keep that promiſe at that time, to obey his uncle with the moſt pointed ſcrupuloſity. Having ſettled a plan of correſpondence, and all the *et cæteras*, he folded his ſiſter to his breaſt, and affectionately took leave of his other relatives. Miſs Mary profeſſing ſhe thought him a very promiſing youth indeed. Charles

Morton

Morton was univerſally reckoned a very fine young man; his perſon was pleaſing, his manners more ſo; an eaſe, a continual *enjoüement*; in ſhort, that *ſuaviter in modo*, ſo powerfully recommended by Cheſterfield, was ever his paſſport, and to know and love him were the ſame thing.

He ſate forward for France, accompanied by Lord Monſon and his tutor, Mr. Taylor, who, wonderful to relate, was modeſt, diffident, and unaſſuming; his manners were the reſult of a rectitude of thinking, and a heart which did honor to human nature. He had formed a plan for

his pupil's perigrination, not exactly *en regle*, but conformable to his own ſyſtem. But as a hiſtory of their adventures is by no means abſolutely neceſſary here, as the letters of Charles to his uncle will convey better information than we, to theſe we refer our readers.

It certainly was not an aſtoniſhing piece of news, though an intereſting one, to Mr. Edward Morton, when he ſaw the marriage of Mr. Langton to Mrs. Morton, his brother's relict, announced in the public prints.

Langton

Langton had worn the family livery, but being a lad of parts, having learnt to write a very fine hand, he was advanced from cleaning ſhoes and ſweeping out the compting-houſe, to wait at table. Here madam fortune knew no bounds, and ſo mounted him by ſucceſſive gradations, ſuch as out-door clerk, &c. until by a ſmooth ſycophantical behaviour, he had inſinuated himſelf into his maſter's good graces, and found himſelf at the head of the office, having ſupplanted an amiable youth who lately filled the department.

Bleſt

Bleſt with the moſt extenſive ideas of commerce as Mr. Morton was, when the ſpirit of deſpondency ſeized him, and a deſire of accumulation ceaſed, Langton's aſſiduity paſſed not unnoticed; his attention to his employer was unwearied. He poſſeſſed a pliability, a ſoftneſs of temper which no ſtrength of language could rouſe, or even kicks provoke. Cautious of giving offence, and accommodating himſelf to all, and every one's humour, he at length was ſuffered to fulfil the duties of his ſtation in peace by his fellow clerks; who wondered he never made the attempt of bluſtering at half price in the play-houſes,

or

lounging in the park with a courtezan of a Sunday; not but what he had his amuſements too. His amours were rather confined, as his firſt, and, I believe, only lapſe, was with Mrs. Morton's houſe-maid; who obliged him, at the end of a decent time, with a likeneſs of himſelf in little; this matter he took infinite pains to conceal, and knowing that the ready way to induce the world to forget our errors is to endeavour to forget them ourſelves, he refitted the woman again for ſervitude, and regularly viſited the boy once a quarter.

What

What ſort of ſophiſtry was made uſe of to induce ſuch an impartial diſtribution of fortune as to exalt this man to the head of ſo capital a houſe, is ſtill a ſecret, and as I am no vaſt motive-monger, our readers will pleaſe to develope themſelves.

Mr. Edward Morton, gave them his benediction, though, by the way, not a very pious one; and diſcuſſed the ſubject in four or five different parties, with increaſed acrimony. Leave we him, therefore, to conſole himſelf, with the beſt reconciling principle poſſible,

—— 'Whatever is, is right.'

DISSIPATION.

ELIZA, now the wife of Beaumont, felt a conſequence at being free from reſtraint, and fondly pictured to herſelf falſe ideas of imaginary happineſs. A houſe was taken in the center of gaiety, and an eſtabliſhment equal to a princely fortune. Beaumont was yet but a bad œconomiſt. Eliza knew nothing of domeſtic arrangements, and their firſt ſetting out proved the notions her uncle had formed were juſt.

An

An endleſs round of pleaſure was purſued, and I doubt whether the metropolis could produce a couple of lighter hearted thoughtleſs beings than Beaumont and his wife. They ſeldom viſited Mr. Morton, who repaid their inattention with coolneſs, and ſometimes a few ſevere reflections on their conduct.

Young people are not over ſolicitous of advice, particularly when it interferes with their own notions; therefore they made up their minds, that old people were peeviſh and had whims; and though at firſt Eliza was ſenſibly uneaſy, her huſband's arguments ſoon reconciled her

her to discontinuing the visits entirely Here he acted evidently wrong; but Beaumont had a little tincture of haughtiness, and could ill brook any censures on his conduct.

As their fortune was inadequate to the train of extravagant expences, the consequences were obvious. Money must be had; the estate at —— was deeply mortgaged to pay debts idly contracted, and prudence endeavoured to force an entrance into their habitation. Perhaps Beaumont listened to her intentionally, but mistook her council.

Mr. Her-

Mr. Hervey was the choſen friend of Edward. He had an inſinuation of manners, which rendered his converſation every where ſought. Beaumont was happy to oblige him, and had aſſiſted him largely in pecuniary matters. As Hervey poſſeſſed a talent for ſcheming, and as a ſcheming head and good heart ſeldom meet in one and the ſame perſon, he was ever either making dupes of the credulous or duped himſelf. He met in Edward an honeſt, artleſs, diſſipated fellow, whom he marked out as a prey to his diabolical machinations.

As

As tranſactions of money was the thing leaſt in the world that his victim underſtood, he pretended to adviſe him for the beſt, and repreſented how uſeful, if properly conducted, a ſmall fortune would prove.

One of Mr. Hervey's *friends* was at this period engaged in a law-ſuit, in which he found a difficulty in proving a title, inaſmuch as there was no pretenſions, on his ſide, to it legally. To carry on this matter, money was the moſt neceſſary ingredient, as our laws, with all due deference to law-givers or makers, may be ſometimes perverted a little by the all-

powerful

powerful attractive metal, gold. Hervey represented this to Beaumont; adding, that five hundred pounds was the sum required, for which two would be given. Beaumont left the matter to his regulation, and a thousand was lent. The time was elapsed for repayment, and Beaumont was pressing: it was repaid with only legal interest to him; and the day after payment a small piece of paper made its appearance, vulgarly called a process on the statute of usury. Confounded at so shocking an instance of villainy, he sent for Hervey; he was no where to be found. Edward had reaped some benefit from his study

in

in the Temple; he was aſſured of knavery, yet knew not how to detect it. The party offered to ſwear to their plea, while he was unconſcious of advantage, except bare legal intereſt. Hervey beſt knew how the premium was diſpoſed of.

Tormented with a thouſand anxious doubts, when they offered to compromiſe for half the principal, he was diſtracted. His fortune was now at its loweſt ebb, and to be duped by a ſet, well ſkilled in all the low chicanery of law and falſe oaths, of the little that remained, was too much.—Our laws are too

ſevere on this point. His means were inſufficient for the penalty, ſhould he be caſt, and therefore he determined to fly from impending ruin, and leave them to their own devices.

At this period Colonel Wilſon arrived in England from the Eaſt-Indies; he had been the friend of Edward's infant and boyiſh years; therefore their meeting was moſt happy, after an abſence of ten years.

The Colonel was ſome few years older than Edward, endowed with an

an excellent underſtanding and ſoftneſs of manners. Early in life he left an unkind parent, a ſtill more unfriendly climate, to ſeek comfort and competence in a far diſtant country. By a fortuitous train of events he arrived not only to the degree of rank he now held, but acquired affluence and independance; finding his health ill ſuited to the intenſe heat of the climate, he determined on reviſiting his native country, fondly hoping to ſit down with peace and domeſtic happineſs the reſidue of his days. But more of him in another place.

A reciprocal interchange of adventures, feelings, &c. now took place betwixt the two friends; and Beaumont was candid enough to relate every event, *but his neceſſitous circumſtances.*

The Colonel indulged in every faſhionable purſuit, and his thoughtleſs friend accompanied him; concealing, under a pretended *gaité de cœur*, the moſt enanguiſhed conflict. The time was arriving when the griping hand of law might ſeize him; when, admitting that misfortune had not intervened, he felt himſelf incapable of keeping up

up an eſtabliſhment equal to his wiſhes; nay, he muſt retrench, and deprive his much loved wife of thoſe comforts ſhe had ever been accuſtomed to.

RESOLUTION.

AFTER dining with Colonel Wilſon one day, and the ladies withdrawn, the Colonel remarked the uncommon ſerioufneſs of Edward, who was buſily employed in turning his wine glaſs round and round on the table, with an abſence of mind which ſhewed a total forgetfulneſs of any one being in the room with him. Rouſed from this by the Colonel, who riſing and taking his hand, ſaid, 'Beaumont, why

why are you ſo thoughtful? This affair of Hervey's takes too much poſſeſſion of you; be cheerful, tell me, have you any embarraſſments? Can I ſerve you? If ſo, point out by what means, and tax my friendſhip to the fulleſt extent of my fortune.' Beaumont preſſed his hand; and, after ſome heſitation, he, with a falſe delicacy, ill ſuited to the urgency of his affairs, informed his friend, that his embarraſſments were trifling, but as it was immediately neceſſary to retire from this country till the final deciſion took place, he aſked his intereſt in the Eaſt-Indies, whither he wiſhed to go.

'My dear fellow, have you well weighed the difficulties you have to encounter, can you part with Mrs. Beaumont at a time when your preſence is moſt immediately neceſſary to her peace of mind?'

'Do not uſe arguments againſt which I am not proof; I love Eliza far, far beyond my peace of mind; it is to inſure her happineſs I go. Should I ſtay in England and be caſt in this affair, it will diſtreſs her exceedingly; and I really have the leaſt inclination in the world to pay any ſum of money, even ſhould it be adjuged.—I wiſh to quit England. France, Italy, nay

nay any part of the continent, is ill calculated for my mode of living; and pardon me for ſaying, I am *determined.* I ſeldom make reſolutions, wiſhing always to preſerve the free uſe of my own will, but now I have certainly made up my mind.

'At that rate, I might as well argue with a madman; you ſhall have every aſſiſtance Edward, in my power, both here and in India.'

The converſation was interrupted by a ſummons to attend the tea table; there, with heſitation and doubt, Edward mentioned his in-

tention. Eliza was ſhocked at a determination ſo unexpected; ſhe ſupplicated, pleaded, but all in vain! 'Our fortune, dear Beaumont, is ſtill ſufficient for the comforts of domeſtic life; I have a jointure; we cannot be poor.'

'Say no more, my beſt love, periſh the man who would deprive an amiable wife of her ſupport to gratify his extravagance.—I ſhould be both criminal and contemptible were I capable of ſuch depravity. For your ſake, my Eliza, for the dearer claim which will ſoon call for my moſt anxious endeavours for its welfare and preſervation; think alſo of the

the impending misfortunes by which I am ſurrounded, reconcile yourſelf to this event; I ſhall return in a few years to bleſs thee with affluence.' Eliza had thrown herſelf into Mrs. Wilſon's arms, and lay ſobbing on her boſom. Beaumont continued: 'I leave you with very kind friends. Will you, deareſt Madam, (addreſſing Mrs. Wilſon) permit my dear girl to ſhare your friendſhip, and your huſband to ſhelter my offspring from future danger.' Mrs. Wilſon ſtreched out her hand, which Beaumont preſſed to his lips. Fearing the agitation, which now had ſeized Eliza, would be productive of dangerous conſe-

quences, the carriage was ordered, and they returned home, the afflicted wife ſpeechleſs in the arms of her too much alarmed huſband, who trembled with apprehenſions at her emotions.

TRIALS.

NEVER, never did Eliza experience ſenſations ſo ſweet, as when, next morning, her eyes opened and met a little cherub, eſcaped from all dangers. At firſt mingled tranſports of joy and delight poſſeſſed her; but the idea of parting with a huſband, now rendered doubly dear, obtruded to ſadden her ideas, and ſhe ſhed a deluge of tears. 'Ah! ill-fated infant, it was thus thy parent greeted

ed thee with the ſharp pangs of ſorrow.'

Mrs. Wilſon's tenderneſs was unremitting; ſhe viſited her daily; and, by her pleaſing attentions, accelerated Eliza's recovery.

On Mrs. Beaumont leaving her apartment, ſo ſoon as her ſpirits could bear it, ſhe was told Edward was ordered out, having gained an appointment on the military eſtabliſhment. No tear or ſigh eſcaped her, a ſtupid inſenſibility took poſſeſſion of her, and abſorbed all her faculties. Nor was it in the power of the idle viſitors, who crowded

crowded with congratulations on the birth of her ſon, to chaſe one ſad idea from her mind.

This fatal inactivity produced, in her already unhappy huſband, an irreſolution, which ſhewed itſelf not in truth, as a man ſuperior to weakneſs, but in ſcalding tears, which fell from his eyes while he ſtrove to conceal them, by hiding his face in her boſom. Vainly did he attempt to convince her or himſelf of the neceſſity of parting. Eliza heard him not, ſhe ſaw only her lovely infant and miſery.

I have already deſcribed the parting,

ing, it remains to depict, if poſſible, the heart-rending anguiſh of our heroine. Succeſſive fainting fits had deprived her of the ſmall portion of reaſon left, and the next day a ſcorching fever parched her very brain; not a ſingle idea remained of any paſt event; when, at the end of ſix weeks, ſhe found herſelf in a ſtrange bed, with only Nannette attending her, and her ſmiling infant ſleeping at her ſide. She ſpoke—'Nannette, where is your maſter? where am I?'

Nannette anſwered not, but flew out of the room.

Returning

Returning reaſon awakened her only to ſorrow; the whole truth burſt upon her ſcarcely revived ſenſes, and ſhe exclaimed, 'I have no huſband! They have torn him from me! Gracious and good God where am I?'

Nannette had flown to Mrs. Wilſon, with the joyful news of her lady's reſtoration of ſuſpended reaſon. She haſtened to the dear ſufferer, who was bathed in tears, and throwing her arms around her neck, adminiſtered every conſolation in her power, not by hackneyed commonplace condolance, but by ſoothing, and

and permitting her to talk of the ſubject neareſt her heart.

Sorrow lightens by participation; and if grief is too great for utterance, its conſequent effects are dreadful. It is not in human nature to ſtifle the involuntary emotions which ſuch trials excite. Therefore the ſoft conciliatory language of regret, the ſigh which anſwers reſponſive, beſt ſuits the comforter, and more effectually tends to leſſen the keen ſenſations of anguiſh.

Eliza ſaw her friend's affliction; 'Come,' ſaid ſhe, 'I am better;

ill ſtrive to live for my infant, for
ou.'—The phyſician entering, in-
ſted on ſilence. 'Emotions of
very ſort are now dangerous; I for-
id tears, or unavailing complaints;
nuch depends on quiet.'

Mrs. Wilſon retired, and Eliza
lept.

FASHIONABLE FRIENDS.

THE following day found Mr
Beaumont much better; ſhe no
demanded of Nannette how ſh
came removed from her own houſ
Avoiding every mention of Edwar
the worthy girl informed her, th
on recovering from a ſevere faintin
ſhe was removed into the carriag
and conveyed here (to Colonel Wi
ſon's, where finding her ſtill muc
indiſpoſed, they put her to bed, an
ſent for medical advice. Colon
Wilſo

ilſon ſealed up every thing of va-
e, and diſcharged the ſervants, re-
ning only Nannette, and a boy,
o inſiſted on not being turned
ay until his miſtreſs ſaw him.
he houſe was entruſted to a pro-
r perſon. Rightly judging that
carriage, without the neceſſary
ablishment, would be uſeleſs, the
olonel ſent that to the coach-
aker's, who was honeſt enough to
low little above half the value for
, though not long new. To com-
leat his plan, Wilſon talked of re-
rving a few of the valuables, and
dviſed a ſale of the furniture.

At this recital, a deep glow over-
ſpread

ſpread Eliza's cheeks. It was pride
falſe pride, which dreaded th
world's cenſure beyond that eleva
tion of ſentiment, that becomin
humility, which can deſcend to an
thing but meanneſs and diſhoneſty
to riſe ſuperior to misfortunes b
deſpiſing them, to deſerve well o
the world by ſhewing anxiety for it
good opinion, and preſerving tha
good opinion, when gained, is
leſſon worth the ſtudying the acqui
ſition of.

Eliza feared what the world ha
long known, their decay of circum
ſtances: ſtill they were not poor
therefore the giddy crowd was ſti
invite

invited, ſtill honoured him with their company, and condeſcended to ſit at the table of the man whoſe folly and extravagance they laughed at. They long had made up their minds, that this muſt cut the poor devil, when his horſes were ſold: therefore they facilitated the approaching ruin, and made up their minds on his ruin, as a thing of courſe, in the common order of events.

The ladies, kind-feeling charitable creatures, with that ſagacity and foreſight never enough to be admired, foretold the event long ere it happened; for, how was it poſſible,

ſible, when ſuch people incurred ſuch habit of expence, to be otherwiſe, as their fortune was always unequal to their eſtabliſhment: but what could the poor woman do? To be ſure the thing was chatty, and agreeable enough, and tolerably educated, and might be uſeful if not too proud, for they had been informed that Beaumont was gone to the Eaſt-Indies, and left her nothing but the ſale of her houſe and furniture.

'Upon my word, ladies, you ſettle this matter,' ſaid Mrs. Herbert, 'more to your own ſatisfaction

tion than mine. Mrs. Beaumont has a jointure well ſecured, and great expectations from relations.'

'Why, truly, that alters the caſe, I am heartily glad of it, but ſhe has lain down her carriage, and is not ſeen at preſent; I muſt pay her a viſit of condolance, if only *to mortify her*; but ſhe is at that odious creature's, Wilſon's.'

'Your motive, Lady Ann, is charitable, but ſuppoſe it fails in its intents.'—'Why, ſhe deſerves ſome humiliation for preſuming to be too happy.'

'Your ladyſhip is right; but ſuppoſe you were to know Mrs. Beaumont has not even a regret at her circumſtances—you allow her underſtanding, and a good education, happineſs is therefore ſtill in her own power, if ſhe chuſes to deſerve it, and ſhe can ſtill ſupport herſelf in that happy mediocrity.'

'Below the great vulgar and above the ſmall, your ladyſhip has not the ſmalleſt chance of ever experiencing adverſity; but it is not wealth will ſecure you againſt ſorrow, and there are griefs much more corroding than loſs of fortune; loſs of fame for inſtance, &c. &c. I remember not long

long ſince, when lady Ann was expiring if ſhe ſaw not Mrs. Beaumont, at leaſt once a day; and I have ſeen many of you ladies terrified to death, leaſt any accident ſhould prevent the dear creature ſqueezing in at the Opera, or filling your rooms. She was then the faſhion.'

Such, gentle reader, is the ſunſhine of good company. This mode of behaviour is not ſingular. What more can be expected from connexions formed by chance, and continued merely to enlarge the liſt of viſitors, and encreaſe a crowd. Common-place compliments hang on their tongues, and they utter a jar-

gon (I may call it) devoid of common ſenſe or true politeneſs.

So ſoon as Eliza could bear converſation, the Colonel intreated permiſſion to attend her, in order to fix on the beſt method of ſettling her affairs. He entered, leading Mrs. Wilſon into the ſick chamber; when, after congratulations on her apparent recovery, they ſeated themſelves on each ſide of their patient. With the ſoothing voice of friendſhip, the Colonel endeavoured to reconcile her to her fate; he propoſed a ſpeedy ſale, and her retiring with them, until her health was perfectly eſtabliſhed, when ſhe might then

then approve or otherwiſe of a continuance during Beaumont's abſence, aſſuring her of his protection, and moſt earneſt endeavours to ſerve her.

'You and my Clara, continued he, are my treaſures; and, watchful as the dragon over the Heſperian fruit will I be. I do not know what the world will ſay, but I fear I ſhall be deemed a monopoliſt, and have half the ſwords in England drawn againſt me.'

Clara ſmiled, and ſaid, 'Will my deareſt friend be guided by thoſe who love her?'

Eliza preſſed a hand of each to her lips by turns. By the kind attention of thoſe worthy friends, health again reviſited our heroine; a variety of amuſements were ſought to diſſipate her ſtill too lively ſorrow. All was ineffectual; the image of a much-loved huſband obtruded, and no change of place, no length of time, could obliterate the fond idea from her boſom. She ſtrove to reconcile herſelf to her ſituation, and aſſumed a chearfulneſs to her friends.

Sorrows ſeldom venture ſingly, too often they, coward like, ſhrink from the danger of being ſubdued,

dued, and return with a reinforcement.

Mrs. Wilſon was ſeized with the ſmall-pox.

LOVE.

WHEN colonel Wilſon quitted Bengal, his anxiety was ſo great to reach his native country, that he left not a doubt on the minds of his friends, of a tender attachment being his inducement; they judged not amiſs. In the early part of life, unknown to any of his relatives, he married an amiable good woman, whom he thought at that time, and reſolved to love all the days of his life; but ſubſequent experience convinced

convinced him, that man's heart is often deceitful; few men, at thirty, act or think as they do at twenty; and, to go farther, at ſixty, their ideas totally change. In early life the world affords unceaſing novelty; that enjoyed, we begin to reflect, and wiſely exclaim, 'Ah, if I were now to begin the world, I would do this, I would ſhun that.' They gain but little by this declaration; in truth, they diſcredit their feelings. It is incompatible with youth to have thoſe habits which an experimental knowledge of the world only can give.

The Colonel, when indulging

himſelf and making his motto, '*Vive l'amour*,' thought no farther of his wife, than by preſerving her exiſtence in a yearly remittance. Aſiatic beauties have a ſeducing charm, which, if a man is not abſolutely an anachoret, he cannot withſtand. A little black-eyed Perſian engaged his attention, and hapleſs Maria, finding his letters breathed more friendſhip than love, ſickened at the idea of outliving his liking, winged her flight to bliſs. A ſhip, on her paſſage to the Eaſt, conveyed this news to the verſatile Engliſhman, who really felt her loſs ſeverely, and, to diſſipate his ſorrow, paſſed a few days at the Cape,

where

where neither the beauy of the ladies, or the luxuriant ſcene around him could tempt his ſtay; he therefore took his paſſage in a Daniſh veſſel for England. A violent ſtorm induced them to make the port of Liſbon: here he was introduced, by the captain, to the knowledge of Mr. de Lome, as much diſtinguiſhed for his humanity as his attention, and love for Engliſhmen and manners. A ſimilarity of ſentiment ſoon produced a reciprocal friendſhip, and days, weeks, and months ſtole imperceptibly away. The ſhip was refitting; but a dearer, a better motive, now induced the Colonel's ſtay.

Clara de Lome was at this period ſeventeen, and tall for her age; ſhe had a ſomething in her appearance majeſtic, ſtriking, as ever to claim our regard and higheſt admiration; there was a brilliancy and fire in her fine black eyes, which animated her lovely face, beyond the power of deſcription. Thoſe eyes were the faithful harbingers of love and innocence.

Colonel Wilſon was well read in that language; he had reflected on the inſufficiency of human enjoyments, when partook of without a boſom companion; and he was determined, if poſſible, to obtain Cla-

ra's

ra's hand for the pleaſure of boaſting of one of the fineſt forms exiſting being in his poſſeſſion, and not only from a principle of vanity, but he wiſhed the evening of his days to glide on with ſerenity and peace.

Clara de Lome's underſtanding was enriched beyond the generality of the Portugueſe ladies, under the guidance of the beſt of fathers, who lived but to render her happy. He ſaw with pleaſure the attachment ſubſiſting betwixt the fond pair. Colonel Wilſon was the man in the world he moſt wiſhed to ſee his child's protector; as his health was much impaired by repeated attacks of the

gout.

gout. When the Colonel had gone through the accuſtomed forms of confeſſing his paſſion, requeſting her father's permiſſion, &c. &c. he led the bluſhing fair to the altar, and declared himſelf the happieſt of men; while the gentle Clara met his ardent profeſſions with a delicate reſerve.

It was now reſolved on to quit Liſbon. Mrs. Wilſon, for the laſt time, entwined her ſnowy arms around her father's neck, and felt unutterable anguiſh at the parting; it was rending ſoul from body,

'Ah! my father, when ſhall we meet

meet again ?' He anſwered not, but ſtrained her cloſer to his breaſt. When, after ſome moments ſilence, ſhe threw her eyes on her huſband, who ſeemed overwhelmed with ſorrow; when, burſting from her father's arms, 'My Henry's looks ſeem to chide me, as if I had a dearer friend than himſelf; but my father is my all, and next to him my Henry has my ſole affection.'

Next day they ſailed for England, and ſoon reached the center of delight, London.

To Clara every object was new and pleaſing, the ſweet *naïveté* of her

her remarks delighted her enraptured huſband, who thought it very neceſſary to appear tranſported with delight at the poſſeſſion of a treaſure every one envied and admired. It was at this period that Beaumont renewed his intimacy, and Eliza had formed a friendſhip for Clara, which no circumſtance, time or place could obliterate or change a ſingle idea. Her fondneſs for the little Edward endeared her the more to Mrs. Beaumont daily.

SMALL-POX.

WHEN the alarming ſymptoms firſt appeared, diſtraction was evident in every face, even down to the loweſt domeſtic; and the cruel eruption broke out of the worſt ſort. Eliza quitted not the bed for a moment, night or day, though ſtrongly urged by the phyſician for her own ſake as well as her infant's. She was deaf to remonſtrances; friendſhip roſe ſuperior to perſonal ſafety.

Clara's

Clara's lovely face was ſhocking to behold, and to add to their affliction, if it would bear addition, the virulence of the diſorder brought on a premature birth of a dead offſpring.

This ſtroke did the unrepining ſufferer hear without a murmur. 'Lord, thy will be done,' ſighed ſhe, while her diſtracted huſband, wanting thoſe aids which religion only can beſtow, to reconcile us againſt the many ſorrows of this life, paſſed his time in fruitleſs complaints and unavailing regrets.

Her fine eyes had loſt their luſtre,

ſtre, yet were they fixed on her agonizing huſband.

'I die, my beloved,' ſaid ſhe, 'yet do not grieve; I ſubmit, teach your mind to bear with fortitude this loſs.'

Wilſon burſt into tears. 'Nay, nay, my Henry, you muſt not haſten my end; your ſorrow will render me forgetful of the duty I owe my Maker; the duty of an obedient ſervant ready at his ſummons.'

The phyſicians gave daily fallacious hopes of her recovery.

The

The agitation, the anxiety, and want of reſt had brought on Mrs. Beaumont a feveriſh heat, and this evening ſhe was prevailed on to try to reſt. Previous to her adopting this ſalutary method, to recruit nature, Mrs. Wilſon ſeemed more tranquil, ate a little, and talked; yes, weak, ſhort-ſighted mortals as we are, talked of future proſpects, mentioned the loſs of her infant with calmneſs, and ſupplicated heaven for bleſſings on little Beaumont's life, on whom ſhe doated: feeling herſelf, ſhe expreſſed, inclined to doſe; 'Go, my Henry, and ſleep, I am weary.'

With

With difficulty the Colonel was prevailed on to retire to an adjacent chamber, and Mrs. Beaumont repoſed herſelf on a ſopha in the room.

Eliza had but the inſtant cloſed her eyes, when the attendant awakened her with, 'Madam does not breathe.' She ſtarted, flew to the bed—Alas! it was but too true; her pulſe had ceaſed to beat, yet there was a warmth in the body, which flattered their hopes. 'Run, fly to the phyſician,' ſaid they all at once; when the violence of the exclamations, and the buſtle around him, alarmed Colonel Wilſon. He

burſt

burſt into the room—'My wife! my Clara! Angel!'—Alas! ſhe had ere this joined her ſiſter angels in eternal bliſs; her ſpotleſs ſoul, as pure as unſullied ſnow, was an acceptable ſacrifice in the ſight of her Maker. Her afflicted huſband fell ſenſeleſs on the body.

Eliza's gentle ſpirits were not equal to the trying ſcene before her, ſhe was conducted to her apartment, where, providentially, a violent flood of tears relieved her from more fatal conſequences. The unhappy Colonel's ſobs reached her ear, and ſhe vainly attempted to try to adminiſter that conſolation ſhe ſo much ſtood

in

in need of herſelf. In a few days ſhe was ſenſible of having caught the diſorder, though leſs malignant, from which both herſelf and child recovered, without any viſible marks on her fine face. Wilſon, drooping under ſorrows he had not fortitude ſufficient to ſurmount, was removed until Mrs. Beaumont's recovery, which was but ſlow; when ſhe was ordered change of air.

The ſcheme of reſiding with the Colonel's family, was now rendered abortive, and ſhe informed Wilſon of this by letter.

So ſoon as a meeting could be fixed

fixed on with compoſure to both parties, the Colonel lamented, in moſt poignant language, Mrs. Beaumont's reſolution of not continuing with him. 'To deprive me,' ſaid he, 'of the only conſolation I am now capable of, in forming that dear boy's mind to virtue, in guiding his future ſteps aright, and executing that truſt Beaumont repoſed in me—why refuſe to continue under my friendly roof? Your health requires change of air, and I have already wrote to my relation, who reſides at my Hampſhire eſtate, to have your apartments in readineſs.'

Eliza was irreſolute. She referred the

the matter wholly to her brother, and, if he ſaw no impropriety in the matter, promiſed to acquieſce, and purpoſed viſiting Mrs. Herbert, until an anſwer arrived from her brother.

For the firſt time in her life, did ſhe now experience the want of a friend, ſhe felt alone in the world.

Mrs. Herbert exerted her endeavours to amuſe her young mourner, and diſſipate the gloomy melancholy which ſeemed to have taken poſſeſſion of her. Too often ſhe ſurpriſed her weeping over her infant,

or plaintively warbling over the piano-forte, till her ſorrows ſtifled her notes. 'Why, dear Mrs. Beaumont, do you ſeek ſolitude? Why fly from our ſociety, who exert themſelves to render you happy? Believe me, dear Madam, the cauſes of ſorrow will multiply without anticipation; create not your own ſufferings, and let your excellent underſtanding riſe ſuperior to misfortunes, by either laughing at them, or coolly reaſoning on their effects, but not lamenting, in fruitleſs ſorrow, the cauſe. Life itſelf is but a trifle, if we abſtract from it the few pleaſures we enjoy; and wiſeſt

are they who beſt can trifle it away.'

Thus did Mrs. Herbert reaſon; but Eliza profited not.

'Mrs. Herbert,' ſaid Eliza to herſelf, 'has theoretical knowledge of theſe matters, I have the practical.' But for her child's ſake, ſhe promiſed to be cheerful. Towards her he ſtretched out his little arms, ſweet were his careſſes, and on her boſom (his only aſylum) he wantoned, as yet unknowing the ſorrows that had taken poſſeſſion there, or thoſe which were to fol-

low. His mother would preſs him to her breaſt as her only treaſure, and look around with an eager eye, leſt any one ſhould wiſh to deprive her of her darling.

OLD AUNTS.

CHARLES anſwered her letter with his beſt advice, that Eliza ſhould reſide at Colonel Wilſon's, whoſe honor he had every reliance on, and that he ſaw no impropriety in the matter, though ſhe might. He adviſed her of his early return to England to afford her his advice and protection; condoled with her on her recent loſs, and aſſured her of his affectionate regard.

As Mrs. Beaumont had now no reaſon to alledge, and unwilling to be capricious, fixed an early day for her departure from London, having engaged an amiable young woman to attend her as companion.

Emily Drummond was pretty enough, young, lively, and poſſeſſed the greateſt amiability of temper; her education had been finiſhed with a view to her ſituation. She had a thorough practical knowledge of muſic, with a turn for reading. Her underſtanding was more ſolid than many young women of nineteen, and Mrs. Beaumont hoped every relief from her companionable powers,

powers, and fondneſs for Edward. She quitted Mrs. Herbert with regret, having experienced every diſtinguiſhing mark of tenderneſs from her family; and ſate forward in a poſt chaiſe for Hampſhire; Nannette being diſpatched the day before in the diligence.

Converſation beguiled the weary way, and within a mile an a half of Mount —, they found the Colonel ready to conduct them with his own carriage.

The approach to the houſe was grand and noble, as it is ſeated on an eminence, and commands an ex-

tenſive view of the country around to a vaſt extent; a wide ſpreading lawn before the weſt front, which ſcorned to be oppreſſed with a ſingle ſhrub, was terminated by the river I—; while the ſouth was bounded by a park, well-wooded, and elegant pleaſure grounds. The Colonel had expended large ſums to ſhew his taſte; he had attempted to encroach on the river, but his expenſive efforts of one week were overthrown by the ſaucy tide in one night. The houſe was filled up with every article luxury could invent, or art produce; but the Colonel wiſhed to enjoy his pleaſures without intruſion. The exceptionable matter was a large pair of

of gates by which the wandering pauper, and the fatigued and weary traveller, were prevented requeſting the morſel to allay hunger or thirſt. As the Colonel wiſhed to enlarge his domains, and not finding land of his own ſufficient, he ordered to be pulled down every cottage and out-houſe of the poor, not with a view to diſtreſs *them*, but to oblige *himſelf*, and the few pleaſant retreats of his better ſort of neighbours, which were ſcattered around; he planted out, with high trees, in his ſhrubberies, for what had they to do with proſpects, and by this method he anſwered his purpoſe, as

it made them desirous of disposing of their houses at his own price.

Blessed effects of power in this charming *free country*, which stretches its arm, and says, that dare I do, because, though the laws are against me, I am rich, and defy contention.

Riches have really a charming effect; they render silent the haughty English peasant, who, proud of his hard-earned independance, sits down and adores his God for his many blessings; looking forward to better days, he sees his offspring blooming around

around him, and feels within himſelf an inborn conſciouſneſs of his own ſtrength. Perhaps an hard unfeeling landlord, lords the manor, exacts his rents, orders his cattle into his grounds, then ſues for damages, and at length poſſeſſes himſelf of the farm, while the ſo lately happy inhabitant retires to ſome hovel, ſhivers over a few embers, looks back with feeling anguiſh on his late happineſs, and, ſinking into his grave, with a broken heart, leaves the cry of the widow and fatherleſs to aſcend to the ear of him who never denies his ſuccour.

Reader, I am not drawing a fictiti-

tious narrative, let the perpetrator of these acts read this, and tremble at the miseries his oppressive hand may heap on every poor tenant around him.

The griping hand of tyranny is in vain opposed by law; the earnings of industry, put in competition with half a million of money, would be idle and fruitless. Less selfish beings enjoy their extensive lands; while that peace which goodness bosoms, shall be the lot of him who delights in mercy and forbearance with the poor; who eat the bread of industry and labour for his happiness.

Mrs.

Mrs. Camden was ready to receive the new gueſts with all the attention in her power. She peered at Eliza, and ſaluted Edward with an apparent conſtraint. There was a certain ſort of ſervile civility which did not prepoſſeſs Eliza in her favour, who was a ſtranger to her circumſtances; ſhe only regarded her exterior, which exhibited a coarſe vulgarity, under every appearance of ruſtic ſimplicity. Brought up from her earlieſt infancy in obſcurity, ſhe has received little advantage from her education, which had been of the common ſort, and Nature had not ſtocked her abundantly with ideas. She married early in life a man

man in an extenſive line of buſineſs, but whoſe prevalent vice was drinking; an eſtabliſhed habit of this, ſoon deranged his domeſtic affairs, and a large young family who looked up to him for ſupport, felt his want of attention to their intereſts. Mrs. Camden was by no means equal to the taſk of reclaiming the extravagances of ſuch a man, who heard no language from her but that of upbraiding, and whoſe whole behaviour left little impreſſion on his mind; of courſe reformation came too late, when it viſited him during a ſevere illneſs, which terminated his exiſtence.

Mrs.

Mrs. Camden's ideas were totally ſubverſive to every real principle of economy, and having diſpoſed of her children as well as the nature of her circumſtances admitted, ſhe found herſelf friendleſs and unprotected. Her nephew at that period returned from India, and above the little pride, which has taught the rich to have no poor relations, or at leaſt not to own them, he offered her an aſylum in his houſe, at the head of which ſhe now was. And as the Colonel's ideas were too much abſorbed in grief, he was little anxious about his domeſtic regulations, except when the good lady's

voice

voice was raiſed ſo high as to reach the door of his library, which was not unfrequent, ſhe claiming an indubitable right of ſcolding the ſervants to ſhew her authority.

The apartments fitted up for Eliza were elegantly convenient; ſhe found it neceſſary to hire another domeſtic, therefore engaged a raw ignorant lad, whoſe manners were ſimple, yet innocent. David was to attend Edward, who now began to liſp forth the dear tender name of mother, and whoſe ſweet careſſes ſoftened his parent's anguiſh. She found infinite ſatisfaction at this

this charming retreat; where riding, walking, and music filled pleasingly up the fleeting hours.

TRAVELLING.

IT is now neceſſary to recollect, we ſent two young men to the continent, who ſet forth with very unfaſhionable ideas. It is now our part to give an account of them; and how can I do that better than in Charles's letters to his uncle; that relation who, perceiving his ſchemes with regard to Eliza deſtroyed, and every pleaſing hope blaſted, was ſenſibly affected. He now regarded Charles with a parent's

rent's anxious fondneſs for a darling ſon; he wrote to him, he encouraged a freedom, in a courſe of regular correſpondence, which would induce him to lay open his whole heart and ſentiments to him. But Charles, far from entertaining his uncle with anecdotes of trifles merely to amuſe, wrote how he *really* paſſed his hours.

LETTER I.

Madrid.

DEARERST SIR,

Agreeable to the method of travelling adopted by our worthy friend Mr. Tay-

Mr. Taylor, we find ourſelves comfortably ſituated here.

After paſſing through the lower countries, we traverſed over the vaſt plains of Languedoc, where we made a neceſſary delay to conſider the natural hiſtory of the province, their induſtry, manufactures, and manners, produce of their ſoil, and character of the inhabitants.

Lord Monſon has ever known the happineſs and conveniences inſeparably annexed to riches; he has yet to learn that great numbers of the human race are mere ſuperfluities of nature, non-entities, which his

his own observation, when he mixes indiscriminately with society, will point out to him. However, thus far our tutor thought it essential to our knowledge to inform us, that many of the sons of men barely exist in indigence and a total privation of almost the necessaries of life, to eradicate prejudices which are too often sedulously cherished by wealth and high birth, which not unfrequently beget a culpable insensibility to the miseries of our fellow-creatures; he conducted us not to cabinets of curiosities, assemblies of courtezans, or gaming tables, but to the poor laborious cottagers; here we observed peace and content smile

over

over a cruſt of bread and a bunch of grapes. We ſaw modeſt merit ſinking, uncomplaining, under the iron hand of oppreſſion, while ſome kind relative taught urbanity only from nature, ſoothed the mourner and ſhared their pittance with the weary ſtranger. Their wants are few; and Nature, all provident and bountiful, has beſtowed the ſimple means of gratification. Added to this, is the happy temperature of their conſtitution, ſo well adapted to the climate. *Vive la bagatelle*, exclaim theſe ſons and daughters of poverty, and care knows them not. From an intercourſe with theſe people, we are eaſily taught to eſtimate properly,

and

and reduce to their real value, thoſe inventions furniſhed by luxury, and which every day is productive of new wants; the fatal indulgence of which lays the foundation of ſorrow and pain. Feelingly have I experienced, 'Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long.' Forgive me, dear Sir, I mean not to be romantic; though I muſt own I have often been ſtruck with aſtoniſhment at the evident diſproportion in the diſtribution of the good things of this life, when I have ſurveyed the extreme poverty on one ſide, and over-gorged wealth on the other. I am not about entering into a diſquiſition on the

cauſes

cauſes and effects of theſe things, nor do I plead in favor only of nature; the natural ſtate of man no longer exiſts; thoſe ages are wrapped in the eternal veil of time; but the impartial eye of the philoſopher diſtinguiſhes betwixt the two extremes. I will not preſume to ſay, that if a man o'erſteps the limits of his primitive ſituation, he loſes that full independance of which he was poſſeſſed! No; by entering into ſociety he acquires a larger ſhare of thoſe rights and privileges, of which he before lived in a total deprivation. I grant his wants are multiplied, his deſires encreaſed, and that he ſubjects himſelf to paſſions to which he

he was a ſtranger; but ſhall we reckon nothing on the ſcore of the multitude of new pleaſures which he taſtes? the ſublime knowledge which enriches his mind? the vivid flame which gives birth to genius, and opens thoſe treaſures of ſentiment which thrills the heart with pleaſure? He feels the acidity of his diſpoſition corrected by education, which the hand of wiſdom has ſubſtituted to ſoften the natural ſtate of barbariſm.

After a ſhort ſtay, we ſate forward to purſue our tour; our track was as yet unbeaten, and we wiſhed to improve each fleeting moment.

As we paſſed the Pyrenees, we, with regret, beheld the aſtoniſhing difference in the country we had quitted, and that on which we now entered. Vaſt uncultivated plains and dreary deſerts lay before us; if this excited my curioſity, how was my boſom fired with an honeſt warmth at the cauſe? Look back, retrace the hiſtory of Spain, once in ſo proſperous a ſtate, under the protection of Rome and Carthage; then was ſhe the granary of Europe and nurſery of ſoldiers; but the frequent emigrations to America, the expulſion of the Moors; and, laſtly, not the leaſt evil, the too great encouragement given to celibacy;

celibacy; all theſe conſiderations contribute to enervate the ſtate without producing one good, natural or political.

On our arrival at Madrid, our attention was drawn towards the manners of the nation; and I was taught to diſtinguiſh betwixt genius which ſhould never want encouragement to produce its efforts, and national pride, too much inclined to romantic ſuperſtition.

In examining the principles of government, the policy of miniſters, the ſtrength of this kingdom, and their general influence with regard

to the affairs of Europe, we ſurveyed with regret the follies of a ſubſerviency to monks and prieſts, who, not content with poſſeſſing beſt part of the good things of this life, ſtrive, with unwearied aſſiduity, to perpetuate the reign of ignorance. We viſited the univerſities, and other places of ſcience; theſe were eſtabliſhed by princes who intereſted themſelves in the progreſs of the fine arts; but we found them now of little utility from the bad government of thoſe who have the direction of them. We ſhall ſoon change the ſcene for Portugal, which, I aſſure you, I ſhall not regret, as the haughty ſolemnity of the

the Spaniards precludes every effort of friendſhip and converſation. I am aware of my correſpondence proving dry and unentertaining, but little can be expected from a relation of facts, more particularly as travelling anecdotes are ſo abundant, and ſcarcely any thing new can be ſaid upon the ſubject.

Yours, &c.

LETTER II.

Liſbon.

We have changed the ſcene for Liſbon; and are paſſing our time pleaſantly at a Mr. de Lome's, a

worthy hoſpitable man; he has read much, and his only foible is a ſtrong republican ſpirit; which, though it breathes the fire of the ancient Roman, yet will ſubject him to the loſs of his life from the jealouſy of the ſtates, ſhould his opinions be known. He has a ſon and daughter in England; the latter married, and to whom my ſiſter has the honor to be known. Young de Lome, it ſeems, is a lad of high ſpirit; and his mother, being an Engliſh lady, perſuaded his father to ſuffer him to viſit her relations. Mr. de Lome, too good a parent to deny him any thing in reaſon, aſſented. On his arrival in England, he was charmed

with

with his reception, and wrote to his father to permit his continuance there; this requeſt was enforced by arguments from his uncle, from whom he had large expectations. An unwilling conſent was wrung from his father; the young Portugueſe, deſpiſing a life of inactivity, and conſidering himſelf partly an Engliſhman, prevailed on his uncle to purchaſe a commiſſion for him; and, unknown to his father, embarked for America, whence, at the end of ſix years hard ſervice, he returned, with leave to purchaſe a lieutenancy. His father, irritated at his apoſtacy to his country, has forbid him his preſence or writing

to him, though the young man has made every effort towards a reconciliation, but as yet without a proſpect of ſucceſs. Unfortunately his laſt epiſtle, which, though it breathed the ſpirit of patriotiſm, was by no means accordant to his father's avowed principles.

'Living, (ſays the young man) under the protection of the beſt of kings, could I do leſs than prove myſelf worthy of the country which gave my mother being; it was a debt I owed ſociety to prove uſeful to it, and in the way moſt ſerviceable to the ſtate. I wiſhed not to ſee the independance of America, I avow;

avow; I wiſhed liberty and freedom to all mankind, but to the United States a proper ſubordination and dependance on Great Britain, as the beſt method of inſuring their future proſperity.'

When Mr. de Lome read this letter, he evidently compreſſed it in his hand, and, riſing with looks of fury, 'Happy, happy would it be for mankind, were the whole race of kings extirpated from the face of the earth. Men were not born ſlaves; but the ſpirit of freedom, that glorious patriotiſm which fired the breaſts of the ancient Romans, is loſt, for ever fled! To what is

this owing, but to the fatal degeneracy of the times, when glory, and the *amor patriæ* is extinguiſhed by a vile ſubordination to a man dignified with the title of Majeſty; who commands armies, gives laws, and ſends his ſubjects to fight for his preſervation and *their* liberty for ſix-pence a day. Kings! monſters! would I could, like Brutus, inſpired with the ſpirit of freedom, emancipate mankind, and, at one blow, ſtab to the vital all monarchical forms of government, all kingly power!'

We heard his declamation with patience, and ſtrove not to oppoſe his arguments; he leaves us to the free

free enjoyment of our own opinion, it would be cruel to deny him the ſame privilege.

Mr. Taylor appealed to his feelings as a parent, in behalf of his ſon; but the recollection of the youth, having married a woman without a ſhilling, juſt then darting on his mind, his rage knew no bounds.

Lord Monſon obſerved, an officer, if prudent, with a ſmall addition to his pay, might live comfortably.

'Comfortably, my lord! a ſoldier live comfortably! What has he to do

with comfort? Glory, Sir, is his purſuit. He ſhould have fought for his country; bled for her rights; have ſupported the independance which the States were ſtruggling for; and, had he fell in ſo glorious a cauſe, I would, with half my fortune, have reared a monument to record the glorious event. But to draw his ſword in favour of a nation, a thankleſs nation, to whom his exiſtence is not of the ſmalleſt conſequence; who have hundreds of brave fellows who are yet unrewarded—I ſicken to think of it. Then, to complete the whole, marry a beggar, get brats, and live comfortably.—Is this the language of a ſoldier?

ſaldier? By the bleſſed Virgin, I abjure him and his.'

Here Mr. Taylor interpoſed, and appeaſed his warmth with the moſt pleaſing images; drawing him inſenſibly from the ſubject to a hiſtory of the manners of the Portugueſe, and the natural ſtate of this great mart of commerce. On this topic he was eloquent and pleaſing. 'You have, doubtleſs,' ſaid he, 'obſerved the active and laborious character of our people, who are obliged to be ever on the watch to guard againſt the ambitious views of their neighbours; they feel, they draw from their own bottom all

thoſe reſources which muſt ever render them reſpectable. This accounts for the cauſe of their alliance with Great Britain. With what firmneſs government finiſhed the great, the immortal work of extirpating that ſociety, whoſe conſtituent principles were inimical to the tranquillity of empire and ſafety of ſovereign power: the ſuperſtition of this monſtrous tribunal, in their miſguided zeal, was a reproach to humanity; ſacrificing, in cool blood, ſo many innocent victims on the altar of fanaticiſm. Religion, my young friends, continued he, is ſo plain, ſo ſimple, and unadorned, as to require no pomp, no ſacrifice but that of the heart;

heart; not human nature quivering under tortures which the infernal ſpirit alone can ſuggeſt, and a diabolical heart execute. Your own obſervations will point out to you thoſe national traits by which you will be enabled to form your opinion of us. Continue a ſhort time with us and ſtudy our manners, not ſuperficially, but with the free exerciſe of your own judgments.' We intend profiting by our worthy hoſts advice.

To-morrow we intend viſiting the univerſity of Combre, and after a ſhort ſtay here, ſet forward for a diſtant country, agreeable to the plan

firſt

firſt adopted, and then return to our native home, by way of Holland, laden with anecdotes and books. I will retire, my deareſt uncle, to ſome recluſe ſpot, turn farmer, keep a room and horſe for a friend, where we will reaſon together on cauſes and effects, and ſink into the vale of years, happy in having lived a life of negative evil. You will ſhake your head at this cool, dull method of reaſoning, or at leaſt reſolving, and tell me time will alter my ſentiments; granted: but no time, occaſion, change of ſituation, or ideas, ſhall alter thoſe ſentiments of gratitude engraven on my heart in indelible traits.

C. MORTON.

LETTER III.

DEAR SIR,

As I do not purpoſe giving a hiſtory of each country I paſs through, as ſo many elegant writers have gone before me, and wrote more at large on the ſubject, I ſhall only relate what more immediately intereſts our ſmall party. A letter has been forwarded by Mr. Blaqueire from my ſiſter. Ah, Sir, why have you ſtrictly enjoined ſilence on a ſubject ſo dear to my peace? Let me plead for the dear fugitive, conſidered as mother and as wife. Sacred duties! enable

enable her to fulfil them by your protection. But the fear of offending reſtrains my pen, and repreſſes the agonizing conflict of my heart. Her letter conveys the ſhocking intelligence of the death of Mrs. Wilſon, Mr. de Lome's daughter. The worthy old gentleman, when Mr. Taylor gently informed him of this dreadful event, (concealing the manner) he ſtood a few ſeconds motionleſs; then heaving a deep ſigh, while the tears rolled down his manly face, which he covered with his hands, the better to conceal, he ruſhed into his own bed-chamber, and locking the door, poured forth his ſorrows to him whoſe ears are ever

ever open, and who can alone give peace. At his next appearance he ſeemed more tranquil; not once has her name eſcaped him.

This melancholy cataſtrophe has ſoftened his mind in favor of his ſon, whom, after the moſt minute enquiries, has vaniſhed; no other intelligence having arrived, but of his leaving London ſome time ſince with a wife and child. I wiſh, nay, feel intereſted for this youth, and wiſh every information, as the ſatisfaction of reſtoring him to his family will be very great. Colonel Wilſon, perhaps, may be enabled

to

to make enquiries; I therefore ſhall write to him.

We exerted every effort to amuſe Mr. de Lome, and prepared to ſet forward, having promiſed to viſit him as early again as poſſible, and keep up a regular correſpondence: ſhould Antonio be found, he gave an aſſurance of his receiving him with perfect joy. 'A father's feelings, Charles,' ſaid he, wringing my hand, 'may be damped, but never totally extinct—nature will be nature ſtill.' I leave Liſbon with regret, a regret as laſting as ſincere. A pair of fine eyes, darting through ſilken eye-laſhes, has made me feel

ſenſations

ſenſations hitherto a ſtranger. For my conſolation, the fair lady is an Engliſh woman, conducted hither for the recovery of her health. Mr. de Lome, whoſe expanded heart takes in all human kind, being applied to, in order to ſettle a demand made on Mr. Maynard of two moidores a day for board, contrary to agreement; ſeeing the pitiable ſtate of the lady's health, immediately had her removed here.

Ah, Sir! you bid me unveil my whole heart to you; I do: correct its wanderings; tell me I am wrong, but ſee and converſe with my Harriet and I ſubmit! Health gives to youth

youth alone a glow, which certainly conveys a pleaſing ſenſation to the mind, but at the ſame time conveys an idea of ſelf-dependance to the poſſeſſor, while the languor which ſickneſs cauſes intereſts every feeling of our ſoul. When I beheld the figure of Harriet extended on a couch, pale, her parched lips, which the fever dried perpetually, vainly opening to ſpeak, I ſaw her helpleſs and felt ſenſations words are inadequate to the taſk of conveying. Since this, ſhe has gradually mended, and I leave her with every proſpect of returning health; her father ſeems gloomy, and wrapped up in an impenetrable myſtery; time may unravel

vel what now excites curioſity. Mean-time, I have obtained leave to correſpond with *la belle Angloiſe*, with a reſtriction of the father's peruſing every letter. I have acceded to this. Now, Sir, write and cenſure freely; and ſhould any part of my conduct merit your diſapprobation, I will endeavour to deſerve your future favor.

C. MORTON.

AN ADVENTURE.

Thus far our young man for the preſent; and now let us return to our heroine. Letters had reached her from Madras, that Edward had arrived in tolerable health. This gave a pleaſing ſuſpenſion to ſorrow, and a tranſient hope of future happineſs cheated her into a calm. Her hours were paſſed frequently in retirement, or ſtrolling through the Colonel's charming retreat, with Emily.

During

During theſe promenades, they had remarked a young man conſtantly employed at the fiſh-pond, which was well ſtored with carp; he looked penſive and embarraſſed when they approached, yet purſued his employ.

Curioſity is a feminine qualification, and we are well aware to what lengths the *beau ſexe* will carry it. Emily was all impatience for an opportunity of ſpeaking to him; but his modeſt reſerve, his vaſt diffidence prevented them. They therefore was content to find his reſidence, and gain their information by enquiries.

After his uſual lounge, and having hooked two brace of carp, he walked ſlowly forward, and at the lower end of the park was joined by a genteel female who held an infant in her arms ; he took the child, and both proceeded to a ſmall cottage which ſtood near the road ſide.

The appearance of the outſide beſpoke neatneſs within ; a ſmall garden, in good order, and a pleaſing regularity about, evinced the inquiſitives that the inhabitants were ſuperior to the ſituation they were in.

Thus

Thus far ſatisfied for the preſent, they returned home; and Mrs. Beaumont careleſsly aſked who poſſeſſed the cottage they had been viewing; when the ſteward informed them, that about a year ſince he was applied to by the young man who dwelt there now, concerning the purchaſe of the cottage, and the terms being equally advantageous, he made the bargain, and the young man brought his wife and child down the enſuing week. 'They live,' added Mr. Jones, 'retired, and I believe it ſometimes goes very hard with them, as I hear he has nothing more than his half-pay, as a lieutenant, to ſupport

them. He toils for ever at his garden, and now the 'ſquire gives him permiſſion to fiſh, he may do better than live on a bare morſel a-day.'

Jones's account affected his hearers very much. Now did Eliza ſigh for affluence. She felt her former extravagancies doubly. 'Now had I the means,' ſaid ſhe, 'would I obtrude on their retirement, from time to time anticipate their wants, and preſerve them from the keen blaſts of poverty. As it is, why ſhould I wiſh to gratify an idle curioſity at the expence of their feelings?'

Thus

Thus far did ſhe reaſon: but, the next day, the *ſex* roſe ſuperior to every other motive; and an irreſiſtible deſire impelled her ſteps to the cottage. An infant, which was playing on the ground, opportunely gave them an introduction, by Mrs. Beaumont's fears leſt the child ſhould take cold.

Mrs. Barton (for ſo ſhe was called) now appeared, and politely thanking them for their kind attention, entreated them to walk in: this requeſt they complied with chearfully.

In this little cottage an elegant

ſimplicity reigned uncontrouled by falſe art, which too often perverts a good taſte more than aſſiſts it.

Mrs. Barton offered ſuch refreſhment as her dwelling afforded, and endeavoured to win their friendſhip by her attention.

Mrs. Beaumont could not avoid expreſſing a ſurpriſe at ſo apparently amiable a woman being confined to ſo humble a dwelling. Mrs. Barton ſighed.

'Ah! Madam, it is long ſince I have loſt the remembrance of what I was in the feeling anguiſh of what I am!

I am! I regret not birth, rank, or the gifts of fortune; I lament that a bad world, and unkind parents ſhould force to ſolitude the worthieſt of his ſex. He was not born for inaction, he now pants for an occaſion again to prove himſelf worthy of a better reward than ſtarving upon the half-pay of a lieutenancy. Pardon me, Ladies, I am rude to introduce ſuch a ſubject before you; but feeling the pointed anxiety I do, and as grief leſſens by participation, my ſorrows fly to my lips from a heart ſteeped in bitterneſs.'

Her language, her animated man-

ner intereſted her fair auditors in her favor. They entreated her to calm her feelings; and Eliza offered her aſſiſtance and friendſhip in a manner calculated to leave a laſting impreſſion on her mind.

'There is nothing, Ladies, uncommon in my life. I loſt my mother at an early age, and my father was too much immerſed in ſcenes of diſſipation, to attend to me; his behaviour was equally careleſs and culpable, as with the beſt inclinations in the world, I was left entirely to my own conduct, to regulate my paſſions, and improve thoſe talents, which, properly cultivated, would

would have done credit to the underſtanding with which I was flattered. Wild, eccentric, I was happy in enjoying an unbounded liberty; from an early habit of thinking and aſſociating ideas, my mind gathered ſtrength; this enabled me to form ſome judgment of human nature, and I could not forbear lamenting the want of thoſe accompliſhments, and an introduction into polite life, which other females poſſeſſed. In this manner I reached my ſeventeenth year, when an accident threw my beloved huſband in my way. My father purchaſed a pair of fine ponies, which, from my fondneſs for driving, he com-

plimented me with. I generally drove a relation, who reſided with us, once a day, around our iſland, which was exactly twelve miles. One day, as I was careleſsly driving, my horſes took fright; the ſervant endeavoured to ſtop them, but in vain. I had preſence of mind ſufficient to enable me to jump out, but the force of the action occaſioned ſo violent a ſprain, I found I could not ſtand, ſo ſate down on the turf, in great pain and anxiety, on account of my aunt. My ſpirits began to ſink, when I perceived a lady running towards me, her countenance exhibiting the greateſt diſtreſs.—'My dear young lady, I hope

hope you are not hurt.' I replied, I was only faint. She raiſed me, but I found myſelf unable to walk without aſſiſtance. She diſpatched a ſervant to her houſe, and ſhortly two gentlemen joined us, the one her huſband, the other my Barton. By their aſſiſtance I gained the houſe, and had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the carriage approach, with my aunt ſafe. I diſpatched a ſervant to my father, to inform him of the accident, who returned with an anſwer ſo rude, ſo unnatural, as to aſtoniſh the company preſent, before whom the inconſiderate ſervant delivered it. I ſhed a deluge of tears; but Mrs. Stanton's kind efforts and

exertions of friendſhip ſoon diſpelled my ſorrow. So ſoon as I had recovered myſelf ſufficiently, I ventured into the phaeton, and taking leave of my kind friends, reached home ſafe. From that day my heart enjoyed no peace ſleeping or waking. Antonio's loved image preſented itſelf in the ſame ſeducing attitude as when I was fainting; his fine countenance ſpeaking the ſtrong emotions of his ſoul. I related the whole to my father, who ſate picking his teeth with as much *nonchalance* as if I had only been the narrator, and not the actor in the ſcene. After repeating Mrs. Stanton's kind attention, I added—'I think, Sir, you

ſhould

ſhould invite them here, and thank them for their kindneſs.'—' Pray, Miſs, who taught you to think? Who are theſe Stantons?'—As his ſtern manner ever terrified me, I ſate ſilent, and the ſervants entering the room, prevented a reply. I frequently rode on horſeback, attended only with a ſervant, and from the warmth of Mrs. Stanton's profeſſions to me, I already conceived them my friends; therefore my hours were paſſed there, and Antonio let them not paſs in vain: they were the whiteſt hours of my life! Some very good creature informed my father of theſe early viſits, adding ſome ſhort reflections of their own, on the ſcore of young

people

people meeting clandeſtinely. My father forbid my riding out ; nay, went farther, and inſiſted on my not even quitting the houſe for a moment. I ſubmitted : but as I had a wonderful fertility of genius, I carried on a regular correſpondence with my Barton ; and, by Mrs. Stanton's advice, one day contrived to leave my parental roof, and give my hand at the altar to the man I loved. Thus did I ſeal mine and my huſband's doom. I endeavoured to ſee my father, but ſhocked at my taking ſo indiſcreet a ſtep as marrying a man unfriended, and almoſt unknown, he curſed me, and after preſſing into his dreſſing room, and clinging

clinging round his knees, he threw me on the ground; and ordered the ſervants never to let me or my beggarly fellow in. Thoſe ſervants who had ever obeyed my commands, now were ready to turn their maſter's only child out of doors; and on my ſitting down, overcome with grief, to recover myſelf, a ſavage wretch informed me that he had orders to attend me to the door. I anſwered not, but returned to my huſband, feeling moſt ſeverely the impropriety of my conduct. My Barton ſoothed me, but again repeated the ſlender ſtate of his finances were inſufficient to anſwer the purpoſes of living comfortably,

as

as from a difference in political matters, he was at variance with his father, who resided abroad.

'Mr. Stanton kindly protected us, and advised him to write to his father. He wrote: it was ineffectual; and month after month rolled on in tedious expectation, when it pleased God to bless me with that babe. Now our cares began to multiply; from whole pay, which was the whole of my husband's fortune, he was reduced, and what a prospect opened before us! The nights we passed in tears, the days in striving to be chearful; it was a useless effort.

'As

'As obligation was the thing in the world leaſt accordant with our feelings, and as our means were ſo ſlender, I propoſed our endeavouring to procure a ſmall houſe, and ſtrive to live decently. This met my Antonio's wiſhes, and, in one of his rides, he obſerved this cottage, and acquainted Mr. Stanton with the wiſh he had to purchaſe it.

'This faithful friend, ſcorning the mere language of the day, of unmeaning compliments and uſeleſs proteſtations, gave him a draft on his banker, for three hundred pounds; this my huſband refuſed, unleſs Mr. Stanton

Stanton took his bond, which he uniformly rejected.

'What!' ſaid he, 'take a bond from my own ſiſter's child! no, Antonio; my fortune is ſmall, but you ſhall not want that ſupport I can render you. Your feelings are repugnant to the living under my roof, I ſee it; I have not once interfered with your plan: go, my children, experience domeſtic life, but never forget you may command my beſt ſervices.' I threw myſelf into his arms with tranſport, with feelings ſuperior to common gratitude.

'The

'The purchaſe was made, and my worthy aunt furniſhed it herſelf; and, folding her arms around me, 'My dear girl, you are now going to act, in your own houſe, the wife, the mother's part; conſider how ſacred the character: your huſband will now be ſeen in a new point of view; his temper, his manners will unfold to you daily: ſtudy them, and adminiſter to his comforts, unrepining at the loſs of fortune, preſerve yourſelf from petulance or caprice, and be it your care to ſoften the ſorrows of his heart, by thoſe little attentions, which a pure affection will dictate, and by ſtriving to forget

forget your former ſituation, you will render the preſent pleaſing.'

'I wept with an unaffected ſorrow, at parting from this worthy woman, whom death has now ſevered from me.

'We retired hither, and, at firſt, the novelty of our ſituation prevented our feeling any inconvenience from it. My huſband is fond of gardening, and in order to increaſe our ſtock, he ventured to take in the common about four foot, but as ſoon as the Colonel was informed of this, he ordered the paling down, and threatened us with a law-ſuit.

'Pardon

'Pardon me, Ladies, I believe the Colonel is a good man, but too apt to liſten to the tales of thoſe about him. I have done; I will not complain, we ſtrive to live with ſome degree of comfort; but my poor Antonio grieves inceſſantly. We changed our name at our leaving Mr. Stanton's.'—

'May I aſk, then, what your real name is?'—'From you, Madam, now, I will not conceal any thing; *de Lome.*'—'Your huſband born at Liſbon!'—'The ſame.'—'Juſt heaven, is it poſſible? Is this the fugitive we have ſo long ſought? is this the brother of Clara, who waſtes his life

life in obſcurity, and pines neglected? Suffer me to congratulate you, dear Madam, on this diſcovery. If your huſband is Antonio de Lome, Colonel Wilſon is his brother, by marrying the lovely Clara.'

Mrs. Barton, overpowered by aſtoniſhment, was loſt in thought, unable to reply.

At this moment Antonio entered, fatigued with exerciſe, duſt and heat. Having made his obeiſance to the ladies, he addreſſed his wife in the tendereſt accents, requeſting to know if ſhe was unwell.

'That

'That lady has ſurpriſed me; ſhe informs me that Colonel Wilſon is your brother, by marriage with your ſiſter.'

'Ah! Madam,' ſaid he, addreſsing himſelf to Mrs. Beaumont, 'I had a ſiſter, lovely, and amiable; my truant diſpoſition, which led me from home and happineſs, has eſtranged me from all my family. I heard indeed that my ſiſter had been united to an Engliſhman, but my enquiries have been fruitleſs to diſcover her reſidence. But if it was ſo, if *ſhe* was the wife of the Colonel, what a melancholy idea attends the knowledge! Is ſhe the angel

angel whoſe loſs he mourns? Ah, deareſt ſiſter! Saint! pure as was thy thoughts, ſhall be the ſorrow I offer. I am aſhamed, dear Madam, but when I recall her infantine graces, the nameleſs playfulneſs which made every action charming, the hours I have hung over her pillow, and watched her ſlumber, wiſhing thoſe dear eyes to open and look on me; young as I was, ſhe was my ſoul's idol; but I have done. You, my beloved, have informed this lady of our little memoirs.'

'Yes, Sir, I have heard your hiſtory, and let me prevail on you to dine with me to-morrow. I have

a brothe

a brother who has juſt left Liſbon, from whom I have lately received letters, which are of moment to you to peruſe. I will not be denied.'

Mr. de Lome wiſhed to excuſe himſelf. 'I have not,' ſaid he, 'learnt moderation: the Colonel, as my landlord, has been unfeeling and unjuſt; the neceſſity of my circumſtances impoſed ſilence on me: but, from a man ſo little accuſtomed to feel, what have I to expect? I ſhould be bleſt to regain my father's favour; but, to Mr. Wilſon, I would ſcorn the ſhadow of obligation.'

'Well, well; but you are my gueſts, I ſhall expect you early. Adieu, to prevent reply.'

Eliza haſtily withdrew and returned home.

Her abſence had been a ſubject of much ſpeculation with Mrs. Camden, and particularly as ſhe had been at vaſt pains to trace to what object their viſit tended. At dinner the good lady was wonderful loquacious, in her way, on the ſubject. 'To be ſure ſhe was not fit company for ladies, but ſhe was as good as people who lived by ſtealing game and

and fiſhes, dreſſing themſelves ſo fine, and walking idling about with fine muſlin gowns on, which ſhe ſuppoſed coſt a matter of—'

'What are you talking about, aunt, or of whom?'

'Why, of them people who live at the cottage. I ſuppoſe they think themſelves ſomebody, with a proud heart and beggar's purſe. Madam Beaumont has found out, I ſuppoſe, what they are, as ſhe was there all the morning.'—'I have, Mrs. Camden, and they dine with me to-morrow.'—'Dine with you, Ma-

dam! Are you aware how tenacious you ought to be in the choice of your company? The neighbouring village talk lightly of thoſe young people. Indeed it is ſtrange, their manner of living: the woman is pretty, and the youth well enough; but, ſurely, until you know ſomewhat more of them, you are wrong.'

'Colonel Wilſon, you gave me the privilege of chuſing my own company. Theſe young people are well born and educated; their greateſt crimes, I believe, is their poverty—'

'And pride,' added the Colonel.—

'A juſtifiable one, Sir; the lady being

being only daughter to Sir Charles Nugent, and the gentleman, ſon of of Mr. de Lome of Liſbon.—'

The fork dropped from the Colonel's hand. Surpriſe and wonder abſorbed every faculty; a ſmall tincture of ſhame overſpread his countenance. At length he ſpoke.

'What! the brother of my adored Clara! Impoſſible.'—'It is true, Sir,' rejoined Eliza, and in a few words gave their ſtory.

The Colonel was viſibly affected, and could ſcarce be prevailed on to

ſtay 'till the next day, before he embraced Antonio.

The old lady was now ſilent; ſhe no more dared indulge herſelf on her favourite theme; and each longed for next day dinner hour. It arrived, and brought the expected gueſts.

The Colonel, conſcious of not having behaved well to Antonio, met him in the hall, and embraced him ſo ardently as to diſarm our Portugueſe of his reſentment. The day paſſed pleaſantly. Wilſon offered them his houſe, but in vain; they

they determined to continue in the cottage until they quitted England.

Antonio read the letters addreſſed to Eliza, relative to his father and himſelf, and ſhed tears of joy at the proſpect of being again reſtored to his father's affections. Mrs. Beaumont wrote to her brother, and Antonio to Liſbon immediately;

The Colonel had vainly preſſed the latter to accept of his beſt ſervices, ſteadily he refuſed every offer, though promiſed to viſit often.

Now Eliza found the ſweet tranſport

ſport of pouring forth her ſorrows into the boſom of a friend. Mrs. de Lome was mild and gentle as the breezes; ſhe liſtened, ſoothed, ſympathized, and proved the bleſſing long ſought, but rarely found, *a true friend.*

The packet ſoon brought Antonio a letter, in which the father ſpoke in every line, tranſmitting him a letter of credit, and deſiring his preſence inſtantly. He heſitated not in reſolving to ſee his father, and therefore waited on Mr. Stanton, who, warmly embracing him, congratulated them on the fortunate event.

Poor

Poor Eliza, doomed to have the cup of felicity ever daſhed from her lips ere ſhe had barely taſted, wept at the ſeparation from this dear friend, who promiſed to return to England the next year, mutually agreeing to correſpond.

Wilſon was very little affected by their departure, as Antonio's behaviour had been reſerved and rather ſullen, ſtanding aloof from every offer of ſervice tendered him.

They ſettled their affairs in a proper train, nor would they diſpoſe of the cottage, but placed an helpleſs old

old woman and her daughter there until their return. Favorable be the winds which wafted them over, and happy the meeting, and now let my heroine ſpeak for herſelf.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.